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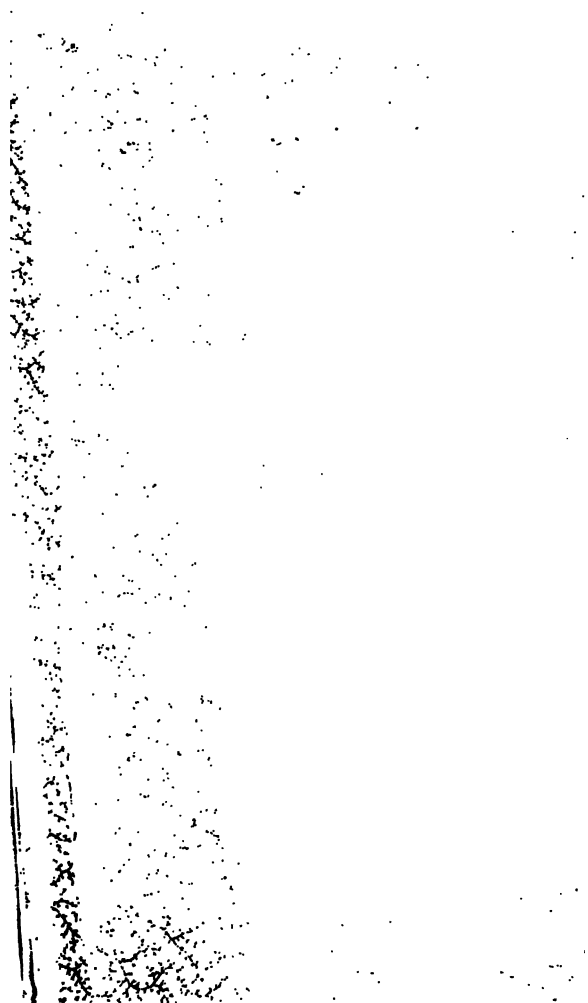
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THE  
PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR;

A  
COLLECTION OF FUGITIVE PIECES

FROM

The Philadelphia Press.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY J. E. HALL.



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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED AT THE PORT FOLIO OFFICE,  
BY HARRISON HALL.

William Brown, Printer.

1826.

2.





District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

**BETTER REMEMBERED.** That, on the tenth day of June the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, John E. Hall, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

"The Philadelphia Souvenir; A Collection of Fugitive Pieces from the Philadelphia Press. With Biographical and Explanatory Notes, by J. E. Hall."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." also to an act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,  
Clerk of the Eastern district of Pennsylvania

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### NOTE.

When this Collection was projected, the Editor proposed to publish a much larger work; but he has been persuaded to reduce it to the present compass, by circumstances which do not require explanation.

If the public approve of this specimen, the Editor will persevere in his design, which is explained in the Introduction.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

If achievements of glory are not in our power, let us endeavour to lengthen our short portion of existence by those of literary honour; and since it is not granted to us to live long, let us transmit to posterity some memorial that we have at least lived.—PLINY.

RUMINATING lately on divers things “foregone,” I opened a volume of Moore’s “Poems,” in order to divert a train of unpleasant reflections in which I found myself unexpectedly engaged. I had just returned from a ramble in the country, during which I had endured “the churlish chiding of a winter’s wind,” with resolute perseverance. Seated once more at my own fire-side, and surrounded by my books, the hearth swept, and the lamp freshly trimmed, it was my intention to commit to paper, some of the meditations which had arisen in the course of my walk: but I soon found that I was not in a writing mood. “To what purpose,” said I, addressing myself, as I caught a glance at my careworn brow, in the mirror which adorns the mantle-piece, “to what purpose do you continue this ‘never-ending, still beginning’ business of scrib-

bling? What has become of all your competitors and companions in this unprofitable employment? While you have grown gray over your inkstand, they have betaken themselves to employments in which they have acquired distinction and wealth. They have raised their tree, and fulfilled those other duties which are said to be incumbent upon every good citizen.— You, on the contrary, have been dozing over dreams, for a larger portion of a century than any sensible man would be willing to throw away, in consequence of some idle notions which you entertain concerning the advancement of learning in this your native land. Depend upon it, Sir Oliver, you are a full century before your time. Your countrymen are not yet prepared for you. You must wait until the sun has peeped through a few more of your interminable forests, and the bustle of commerce has awakened your inland seas from the slumber ages.” “ But,” *said I to myself*, in reply to this unwelcome expostulation, “ do you think you have been idle all this time? If you do, you are greatly mistaken. If you have not been working yourself, you may say with the fat knight, you have been the cause of something clever for others. Look at the long list of worthies who have dipped their maiden quills in your inkstand; you not find them—at least those whom you have spared—honourably and usefully emp

in the various paths of life : some in the service of the state ; some adorning the pulpit, and others shaking the senate ? Are not all these men striking illustrations of those lessons on the great subjects of morality and education which you have so long inculcated ? Then look at the lucubrations with which these men amused the first years of their manhood, and which proclaim—*These are the spirits who were nurtured under your patronage.* No, this is not the clime ‘ where fancy sickens, and where genius dies.’ These specimens will furnish abundant evidence that we have the materials for fine writers ; while their example will show, that the cultivation of polite literature is no impediment in the career of wealth and honour. They will teach the young men of the present age to distinguish between those pleasures which after enjoyment ‘ no repentance draw,’ and those which enervate the mind and destroy the body.”

“ Very fine, very fine, indeed, Mr. Oldschool, you are resolved that your reputation shall not suffer in your own hands. I should be rejoiced to see you make out your case, as the lawyers say.”

“ Well, sir, if you are willing to be convinced that I have been the instrument in producing some things which are not unworthy to be preserved, recollect what one of the most brilliant poets of his time has written about our ‘ Confederacy.’ Have the goodness to read what Mr.

Moore said of 'the elegant little circle,' composed of '*Mr. Dennie* and his friends,' which he found in Philadelphia, about twenty years ago:

————— 'Oh, you sacred few,  
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;  
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,  
'Twas bliss to live with and 'twas pain to leave!  
Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore  
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,  
When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find  
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!  
Less dearly welcome than the lib'ral zeal,  
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,  
The manly polish and th'illumined taste,  
Which, 'mid the melancholy heartless waste  
My foot has wandered, oh you sacred few!  
I found by Delaware's green banks, with you.' "

EPIST. VIII.

I read the passage and closed the volume; but the entrance of a bookseller put an end to this dialogue with myself.\* He threw on the table

\* The condition of the old gentleman, in balancing on the uncertainties of another literary adventure, will remind some readers of the following lines prefixed to *The Pilgrim's Progress*:

Some said, John, print it: others said not so.  
Some said it might do good: others said no.

several volumes with the titles of "Souvenir," "Forget me Not," "Christmas Gift," &c.—miscellaneous collections of literary efforts by various hands.

"These," said the bibliopole, "are now all the go, in London. You may say what you will about American literature; but give me one of Ackerman's *Souvenirs*, and you are welcome to all our *domestic manufacture*."

This observation gave a spur to certain vague speculations which had been floating in my brain. I had been meditating on a volume which should be a sort of *cairn*\* to the memory of the circle of friends which Mr. Moore has commemorated in his immortal poems. No one of these gifted few, I thought, would be willing to forget those days of ease and nights of hilarity—mirthful hours when they could hear the "chimes at midnight," and dreamt not of "cares which consume."

"When I first nibbed my pen in your city, about the commencement of the present centu-

Now I was in a strait, and did not see  
Which was the best thing to be done by me :  
At last I thought, since you are thus divided,  
I print it will, and so the case decided.—*Print. Dev.*

\* Cairn : a rude and irregular pile which is erected, in Ireland and Scotland, over a deceased person, by his friends, each one casting a stone upon it.



## INTRODUCTION.

ry," said I, laying down my spectacles and gently changing the position of my gouty foot, "I was a young man and a valetudinarian. I proposed to publish, periodically, a miscellany devoted to polite literature, and I invoked the aid of men of wealth, men of science, and men of taste. I was saluted with smiles from the fair of Philadelphia, and plentiful tables were spread before me by the hand of kindness and hospitality. My literary labours were lightened by the co-operation of many friends—of whom some remain to adorn the society which they have often instructed, and others have disappeared from the circles which they often delighted. It would be a pleasant occupation though not unmingled with mournful reflection to winnow my numerous columns, and select from them a few morceaux, as a specimen what the Philadelphia press has gleaned from the stores of fancy and contributed to the stores of American literature."

"I can give you," I continued, "gems the caskets of several artisans who might become more skilful in the working of species of metal, if they had made it their profession. Although my volume may not be popular with the multitude, it will always be welcome to that association which awakens taste for polite literature in Philadelphia, whose members, in maturer years, have

ened the annals of our country with noble instances of talent and usefulness.

“ I fear, that, in reverting to the many delightful hours which I have passed with this favoured few, I may become tedious—a crime which, of all others, an editor eschews. To be brief then—I wish you to publish a small volume such as I have described; because, as I foresee that my literary career approaches to a termination, I would leave behind me a memorial of my own gratitude and a monument of native genius. My collection I will devote, as Montaigne did his incomparable ‘*Essays*,’—‘ to my kindred and friends, that when they have lost me, as they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently that their remembrance of me may be more lively and entire.’

“ This *Souvenir* of the talents of ‘ a sacred few’ will comprehend selections from *The Lay Preacher*, by Dennie, the *Reflections in Solitude*, and other poems by the late Samuel Ewing, Esq. extracts from the writings of Brown, Clifton, Shaw, and Linn—together with a variety of pieces which were communicated to the press under anonymous signatures, but which are known, in the literary circles of Philadelphia, to have proceeded from the pens of persons who now hold the foremost places in society. While we abstain from violating that concealment

which they thought proper to adopt, none, it may be hoped, will be displeased at this effort to preserve such a memorial of the dawn of periodical literature in the United States. Our canvas would be incomplete, if it did not exhibit some of the lines of Asmodeo, Ithacus, Harley, Mercutio, P. D., N. B., Ferdinando, J. H. (the *popular* critic of Shakspeare) P. B. K., Littleton, and several others who amused the public in verse and prose."

The bookseller thought well of this scheme, and we agreed that the undertaking should be commenced without delay.

## JUVENAL.—SATIRE XIII.

J. Q. A.

The following version of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal is from the pen of one of the first contributors to the *Port Folio*. It was the intention of the author to translate the whole of the remains of this vigorous satirist; and when we contemplate the spirit and fidelity of this specimen of his powers, there is some reason to regret that Juvenal was not naturalized in our domestic literature by his pen. His design was abandoned in consequence of the annunciation of Mr. Gifford's elaborate work. Politics not long after seduced our author from the pursuits of classical literature, and a long series of public services has recently been rewarded by the most exalted station which his country could assign.

It is not a part of our plan to indulge in what is termed cotemporary biography; but, as a part of our literary history, it may be stated that the individual here referred to is the author of the "*Journal of a Tour through Silesia*," in the first volume of the *PORT FOLIO*, which has since been republished in London, in 2 vols. 8vo., and also of several beautiful versions from the German; together with various other communications to the same Journal.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Calvinus had deposited a sum of money in the hands of a friend, who upon being required to restore it, denied having ever received the trust. Calvinus appears to have been too much affected at this incident, and Juvenal addressed to him this Satire, containing topics of consolation to Calvinus for his loss, and of reproof for the extreme sensibility he had manifested upon the occasion.

FROM Virtue's paths, when hapless men depart,

The first avenger is the culprit's heart ;  
There sits a judge, from whose severe decree  
No strength can rescue, and no speed can flee ;  
A judge, unbiass'd by the quibbling tribe !  
A judge, whom India's treasures cannot bribe—  
Calvin, what thinkest thou the world will  
say,

To see thy faithless friend his trust betray ?  
Yet, to thy fortune, is the breach but small ;  
Thy purse will scarcely feel the loss at all ;  
Nor are examples of such baseness rare !  
'Tis what in common with thee thousands bear ;  
A single drop of water from the deep !  
A single grain from fortune's boundless heap.

Excessive sorrow let us then restrain :

A *man* should measure by the wound his pain !

Though keen thy sense, the smallest ill to meet,  
Must thy blood boil to find thy friend a cheat?  
The sacred trust committed he denies—  
But, at thy age, can treachery surprise?  
When threescore winters thou hast left behind,  
To long experience art thou still so blind?

Great, and prevailing is the sacred lore,  
Which Wisdom, Fortune's victress, has in store;  
But *we* consider likewise those as blest,  
Who meet the woes of life with placid breast;  
Bred in life's school, who bend beneath her  
    sway,  
Nor from her yoke would draw their necks  
    away.

Is there a day so festive through the year  
But frequent frauds and perfidies appear?  
A single day, but sees triumphant vice  
With lurking dagger, or with loaded dice?

Small is the train who honour's paths pursue;  
The friends of virtue are a chosen few:  
So few, that gathering o'er the spacious earth  
A full collection of untainted worth,  
Scarce could you find a number, free from guile,  
To match the gates of Thebes, or mouths of Nile.

Such are the horrors of our modern times,  
They bleach the blackness of all former crimes:  
The age of iron has long since been past,  
And four besides, each blacker than the last,  
A ninth succeeds, compared with which, of old,  
The age of iron was an age of gold:

An age, which nature dares not even name,  
Nor yields a metal to express its shame.  
The faith of gods and men, our lips attest  
Loud as a great man's pimps applaud his jest.  
But hoary infant! art thou still to know  
With what bright charms another's treasures  
glow?

Go!—fetch the rattle of thy childhood, go!  
What peals of laughter rise on every side!  
How all the town thy simpleness deride!  
To see thee ask, and with a serious brow,  
That any mortal be not perjured now;  
To see thee now, of any man require  
Faith in a god, and terror of hell-fire.  
These tenets truly our forefathers held,  
Ere from his throne old Saturn was expelled;  
Before he laid his diadem aside  
And in the rustic sickle took a pride.  
While Ida's caves were yet the haunts of Jove  
Nor virgin Juno, conscious of his love.  
No revels then were ever seen to rise  
Among the heavenly tenants of the skies;  
No Trojan boy, no Hebe's form divine  
To fill the goblets with inflaming wine;  
With unwashed hands, no smutty Vulcan came  
To quaff the nectar, from his anvil's flame.  
Each god was then content to dine alone,  
Nor was our motley mob of godheads known;  
Small were the numbers of the blest abode;  
Nor weighed down wretched Atlas with the load;

No gloomy Pluto ruled the realms of shade,  
Nor yet had ravished the Sicilian maid.  
Hell then no wheel, no rock, no furies bore,<sup>1</sup>  
No vulture's pounces dripped with ghostly gore;  
But cheerful spirits ranged the valleys gay,  
Nor of infernal monarchs owned the sway.  
A fraud was held a wonder in that age;  
And in the presence of a hoary sage,  
Had any younger man to rise foreborne,  
However blest with ampler stores of corn,  
To them a crime of dye so black it seemed,  
As by naught else but death could be redeemed.  
The like respect by beardless boys was shown  
To those whose faces were but just o'ergrown;  
Such awe four years precedence could engage,  
And youth's first blossom bore the fruits of age!

Now, if your friend should not betray his trust,  
But give you back your coins with all their rust,  
It seems a miracle of higher strain  
Than all the Tuscan sibyl books contain,  
And, in memorial of so strange a deed,  
A votive lamb should on the altar bleed.  
If now mine eyes a man of virtue greet,  
I think a double-headed child to meet;  
Not more surprising were it to behold  
A plough-share dig up fish, or mules with foal;  
Rain fall in pebbles, or in wildest shapes  
Bees, clustering on a temple's roof like grapes,  
Or rivers, rushing with tremendous sweep,  
To pour a milky torrent in the deep.



The loss of fifty ducats you deplore,  
See your next neighbour filched of ten tin  
more;

By a like fraud behold a third complain  
His loss of all his strong-box could contain.  
So prone, so ready are we to despise  
The single testimonial of the skies,  
Unless a mortal sanction too be given,  
And *man* confirm the evidence of *Heaven*!  
Look! with what seeming purity of breast  
And steady face he dares his faith attest;  
Swears by the solar beams, the bolts of Jove,  
And thy full quiver, huntress of the grove;  
By Mars's lance, Apollo's arrows drear,  
By Neptune's trident, and Minerva's spear,  
Alcides' bow, and whatsoe'er beside  
From all heav'n's arsenal can be supplied;  
And, if a father—sooner be my food  
My infant's flesh, he cries, my drink his bloo

There are who deem that Fortune governs a  
That no Supreme Disposer rules the ball;  
That Nature's energies alone suffice  
To make successive days and seasons rise;  
Hence, with intrepid brow, such men as thes  
To sanction falsehood, any altar seize.

Another trembles lest the vengeance due  
Of gods offended, should his crimes pursue  
Believes in gods, yet stains with guilt his  
And thus attempts his terrors to control;

“ Deal with my body as thou wilt,” he cries,  
“ Great Isis! and with blindness strike my eyes,  
If peacefully, though blind, I may but hold  
The price of perjury, the pilfered gold.  
What is a palsied side, a broken leg,  
Compared with indigence, compelled to beg?  
The fleetest runner would, beyond a doubt,  
Give all his swiftness for a wealthy gout;  
Nay, should he hesitate in such a case,  
Send for his doctor and his waistcoat lace:  
For what can all his racing talent boot?  
A hungry stomach and a nimble foot.  
And what avails the olive round his head,  
While puffed with glory, he must pine for bread?  
The anger of the gods, though great, is slow;  
Nor will their mercy doom to endless woe;  
And if they punish every guilty soul,  
Before my turn comes what long years may roll!  
Perhaps their wrath is pacified with ease,  
And oft they overlook such faults as these;  
For the same deed, as good or ill luck reigns,  
One wields a sceptre, and one hangs in chains.”

Thus having lulled his conscience to repose,  
Before you to the sacred fane he goes;  
Nay drags you thither, with indignant ear  
The oath of fraud and perfidy to hear;  
For, with the multitude, guilt's face of brass  
For conscious innocence will often pass.  
See! how he lays his hand upon his heart,  
And like a finished actor plays his part!

You, plunder'd of your trust, with piercing cries,  
In vain, with voice like Stentor, rend the skies,  
Or rather, like old Homer's Mars exclaim,  
"Hear'st thou all this, great Jove, in silence  
tame,

When all thy fury, at such vows accurst,  
From lips of brass or marble ought to burst?  
Else, wherefore burns out incense at thy shrine?  
Why, on thy altars, bleed the calves or swine?  
Since no distinction I percieve, were just,  
Between your statues and a dancer's bust."

Yet hear what comfort an unlettered friend,  
Though from no school derived, can recommend;

Who never made the cynic rule his own,  
Nor that of stoics, differing but in gown;  
Nor yet has learned the maxims to obey  
Of Epicurus, in his garden gay.

When dire diseases rack your feeble frame,  
Call for some doctor of distinguished fame;  
But in a case like yours, of trifling pain,  
To Philip's pupil you may trust your vein.

Expressly show that since the world began  
A deed so base was never done by man;  
Then, I object no longer, tear your hair,  
And beat your face and bosom in despair;  
At such a dread misfortune close your gates,  
With lamentation loud accuse the Fates,  
Heave deeper groans, tears more abundant shed  
For money pilfered than a father dead.

No man in this case feigns of grief a show;  
Content to wear the formal suits of wo,  
And fret his eyes to strain a seeming tear,  
No! for lost gold our sorrows are sincere!

But if the like complaint with yours you meet,  
Where'er you turn your eyes in every street;  
If every day shows men who boldly dare  
Their own hand-writing to a bond forswear;  
Proved by ten witnesses their deed deny,  
And gravely give their solemn seal the lie,  
Must thou from common miseries be free?  
And art thou formed of better clay than we?  
Thou, favoured by the gods with special grace;  
We, the vile refuse of a worthless race?

Thine eyes to crimes of deeper baseness turn,  
And thy small loss to bear with patience learn;  
See this man's slave with robber bands conspire,  
Behold that mansion blaze with bidden fire:  
See, from yon antique temple stolen away,  
The massive goblet, venerably gray!  
Gifts from which nations once derived renown,  
Or some old monarch's consecrated crown.  
Are these not there? behold the villain ply  
To rasp the gilding from Alcides' thigh,  
Strike off the nose from Neptune's aged form,  
Or strip the bracelet from young Castor's arm;  
Why should he dread of minor gods the frown,  
Wont the whole thunderer bravely too melt  
down?

The guilt of blood see other wretches share  
And one the poison sell, and one prepare!  
See to a harmless, hapless, monkey tied,  
Plunged in the briny deep the parricide;  
Yet in this list how small a part appear  
Of all the crimes that meet the Prætor's ear,  
And he from Hesper's dawn till closing day  
must hear.

The manners of mankind wouldst thou be taught  
With full instruction that one house is fraught  
But a few days attend the trials there,  
And then to call thyself unhappy, dare.

Who feels astonishment affect his mind  
Amidst the Alps a tumid throat to find?  
Or who behold in Meroë, with surprise,  
A dog surpass the child it feeds in size?  
On seeing Germans, who would think to stare  
At azure eyes and golden-coloured hair?  
And crisped locks, with ointments which distill  
Such they were made by Nature's sovereign  
will.

Clap but a cloud of Thracian cranes their wing  
Lo! to his arms the pigmy warrior springs!  
But soon, unequal to resistance, flies,  
Clenched in relentless clutches, thro' the skies  
Among ourselves a sight like this would make  
Your sides, no doubt, with ceaseless laughter  
shake;

But there, tho' common, 'tis no laughing sight  
Where the whole tribe is not a foot in height!

"But shall the wretch all penalties evade,  
For friendship perjur'd, and for trust betrayed?"  
Suppose him seized, in chains, and at your will,  
(What would vindictive anger more?) to kill;  
Yet would your damage still the same remain,  
Nor could his death restore the trust again;  
How poor a comfort, to relieve your wo,  
The blood that from his headless trunk would  
flow!

"But vengeance, even more than life is  
sweet;"—

Yes! to those minds of heedless, headlong heat,  
Which blaze at every spark, however small,  
And often kindle without cause at all—  
Not Thales thus, not thus Chrysippus speaks,  
Not thus the best and wisest of the Greeks,  
The godlike Socrates, who, galled with chains,  
To share the hemlock with his foe disdains.  
True wisdom points to virtue's path, and frees  
From every vice and error, by degrees,  
The noble soul above revenge we find,  
'Tis the poor pleasure of a puny mind;  
If proof you need, contemplate female spite,  
In vengeance none like women take delight.

But, canst thou deem from all chastisement  
freed  
Men who beneath the scourge of conscience  
bleed?

By scorpions stung, their teeth in fury gnash,  
And writhe with anguish at the secret lash?

Oh! trust me, friend, the judge in hell below  
Cannot on crimes inflict so deep a wo  
As that poor mortal feels, by guilt oppressed,  
Doomed day and night to bear the witness in his  
breast.

A Spartan once to Delphi's fane repaired,  
And to consult the god's opinion dared,  
Whether he might retain entrusted gold,  
And with a solemn oath the fraud uphold.  
The priestess answered with indignant air,  
The doubt alone its punishment should bear,  
Th' insulting doubt that in the question lies  
If great Apollo would a crime advise.  
The frightened Spartan, by compulsion just,  
From fear, not virtue, straight restored the trust  
Yet, soon he found, that, from the sacred fane  
His doom deserved was not denounced in vain  
Himself, his offspring, all his hapless race,  
Swept from the earth, left not behind a trace  
By such hard penalties must men atone  
The fault of meditated wrong alone:  
He guilt incurs who merely guilt intends,  
How much more he then, who in act offend  
Perpetual anguish preys upon his breast,  
Nor even at his meals allows him rest.  
His sickened palate nauseating heaves  
At every morsel that his mouth receives;  
Loathes the fine fragrance of long ho  
vines,  
The cordial drop distilled from Alban wi

While his knit brows, if choicer still you bring,  
Of sour Falernian seem to mark the sting.  
At night, if when his limbs have long been  
spread,

In restless tossings over all his bed,  
Short slumber comes at last to close his eyes,  
In dreams he sees the hallowed temple rise;  
Before him violated altars stand,  
And gods offended, with uplifted hand;  
But, what his breast with torture chiefly rends,  
Larger than life thy sacred form ascends;  
With deadly fears his dastard soul to press,  
And force his lips their falsehood to confess.  
Heaven's earliest murmurs cause his heart to  
fail,

And every flash of lightning turns him pale;  
By storms or chance impelled no bolts can fly,  
He thinks, but vengeance hurls it from on high.  
If yet unhurt, he sees one storm pass o'er,  
He only trembles at the next the more.  
If in his side he feels the slightest pains  
Or sleepless fever riot in his veins,  
The weapons of a god he fancies these,  
Sent to afflict his body with disease.  
For health he dares not ask the powers divine,  
With votive offerings at the sacred shrine;  
For oh! what mercy can the guilty mind,  
In illness, hope from angry heaven to find?  
What bleeding victims for his crimes atone,  
Whose life were not more precious than his own?



With what a changeful sickliness of soul  
The varying tempers of the wicked roll!  
Crimes to commit how bold they are and strong!  
But soon they learn to know the right from  
wrong.

Yet stubborn nature all amendment spurns,  
And to her evil practices returns.  
For what offender ever yet was found  
Who to his vices could prescribe a bound?  
The blush of shame, when once expelled the  
face,

Who ever saw it reassume its place?  
In all thy life's experience hast thou known  
A man contented with one crime alone?

The wretch who wronged you, in the toils  
soon caught,  
Shall to some prison's gloomy cell be brought;  
Or to some dreary rock of banishment  
For famous exiles noted, shall be sent;  
Then shall the sufferings of your perjured foe  
Sweet consolation on your soul bestow;  
And then at last shall your rejoicing mind  
Confess the gods are neither deaf nor blind.

## EWING.

**SAMUEL EWING** was one of those who, with talents which might achieve an elevated rank in national concerns, prefer the pursuits of an honourable profession, and the tranquil pleasures of domestic life. He was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 16th day of August, 1776. His father, the late Rev. Dr. John Ewing, during a series of forty years, was the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city, and more than half of that time held the station of Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. In this institution, which was then in the zenith of its fame, Mr. Ewing was carefully instructed under the immediate eye of his father; and he frequently exhibited proofs of that fine combination of genius and humour which characterized both his conversation and his writings. Among these juvenile efforts may be mentioned a dramatic performance, which was never acted because it was a political satire, and the allusions too personal and pungent for the stage.

Soon after he graduated he was placed in the compting house of John Swanwick, an eminent merchant, and one of the Representatives in the Congress of the United States. In consequence of the bankruptcy of this gentleman,

on whose patronage Mr. Ewing had mainly depended for the commencement of his career, he abandoned commercial speculations, after making one voyage in the quality of a supercargo, and devoted himself to the profession of law: a pursuit far more congenial with his talents and temperament. He became a student in the office of the late William Lewis; and was admitted to the bar of the Common Pleas in the latter end of the year 1800. About this period the literary circle in Philadelphia was enriched by the addition of a gentleman who, with many captivating qualities as a companion, possessed a mind fertile in wit and richly stored with the treasures of polite literature. Joseph Dennie had long been known to village readers, but the fame of the "Farmer's Museum" and other literary enterprises burst the obscurity of rural bounds and he aspired to flourish in a city. Philadelphia was then the seat of the federal government, and Mr. Dennie was so fortunate as to obtain a place in the Department of State, of which Mr. Pickering, at that time, was the chief officer. The duty of writing letters was assigned to him; but it may easily be imagined that the severe taste of the Secretary could not be satisfied with the tropes, the alliterations, and the conceits of Mr. Dennie. The habits, too, of "the desultory man," were at utter variance with the regular routine of official duty, which, being faithfully

practised by Mr. Pickering himself, may, perhaps, have been the more rigidly exacted from his clerks. Dennie's pen soon strayed from the diplomatic bureau to a more congenial province. Under the happiest auspices, the *PORT FOLIO* sprung into existence on the 1st of January, 1801, and Mr. Ewing, an ardent admirer and cordial friend of Mr. Dennie, was one of his earliest and most valuable correspondents. His "*Reflections in Solitude*," which appeared occasionally in the columns of the *Port Folio*, were sought with flattering eagerness; and no reader in whose heart the muse of Cowper has found a place, will peruse the meditations of "*Jacques*" without emotion. Under this assumed name he surveys landscape with the eye of a painter, and displays great felicity in combining sentiment with description. Whenever, in these moral and nervous poems, he contemplates a rural object, we instantly inquire

"But what says *Jacques*?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

—Oh yes, into a thousand similes."

Many of the most humorous among the prose essays in this Miscellany were also from his various and fertile pen. He found leisure, also, to impart zest and vivacity to some of the daily gazettes, by pasquinades, the effects of which

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are not yet forgotten by those who came under his lash.

The elegant translator of Anacreon, on his visit to Philadelphia, in 1804, found the club of wits of that period, in the full enjoyment of health, high spirits, and literary zeal. His poems had preceded him: their exceptionable qualities, in the estimation of Mr. Dennie, were redeemed by their beauties. They had been, therefore, transplanted into the *Port Folio* and loudly extolled. His translation, too, was at that moment issuing from our press, under the patronage of these gentlemen, in a style of typographical beauty hitherto unknown in this country. Under these circumstances, it need scarcely be added, that the meeting on all sides was highly cordial. The evening hours which this junta enjoyed at "Number Two," after the day had been devoted to severer studies, made a strong impression upon the mind of the British poet; and his gratitude was afterwards expressed in a passage which may be introduced in this place as a beautiful tribute of genius to the powers of friendship and hospitality:

Believe me, ———, while I winged the hours,  
Where Schuylkill undulates thro' banks of flowers,  
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,

And rested there as in a dream of home!  
And looks I met, like looks I loved before,  
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er  
The chord of memory, found full many a tone  
Of kindness there in concord with their own!  
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,  
That flush of heart ————— EPIST. VIII.

*O si sic omnia!*—Would that he had always written thus when he recurred to American scenes! has been the fervent aspiration of many who wish to cherish the recollection of Mr. Moore with feelings of unmingled delight. The popularity of this poet, in the United States, has suffered no little diminution in consequence of certain harsh and unfounded strains, in which he indulged upon his return to England; but it may soften the resentment of some, to learn, that these tirades were deeply regretted by their author, and in subsequent editions, were cancelled as far as they remained under his control. See note, page 30.

Although Mr. Ewing sought "the light of jurisprudence" with all the assiduity of one whose spirit aspires to the rock of independence; a taste for literature distinguished him through life, and there is little doubt, that if he had cultivated letters, as an author, he would have attained eminence. In the year 1809, wearied by the long probation of laborious idleness to

which young lawyers are doomed, who have many seniors before them, he projected a monthly miscellany, entitled "*Select Reviews and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines.*" This work was published under his direction about three years, during which time it amply rewarded his attention; and after the publication of a few volumes, he disposed of his interest for a considerable sum.

Professional business, which will admit of no rival, at length began to reward his studies and his devotion to it was almost exclusive, for he was surpassed by no one in zeal for his clients. Hence his success at the bar was considerable. He still continued to display his regard for learning, by the active part he took in the establishment of the Athenæum of Philadelphia, and by the support and attention which he afterwards bestowed on that useful institution. He was early elected, and annually re-elected, unanimously, a director, and by the board, the vice-president of this society. The utility of his labours, and the estimation in which he was regarded by his associates, are emphatically commemorated in the minute entered upon their records on the occasion of his demise; and his loss was again adverted to, in impressive terms at the conclusion of the address which is made annually to the stockholders. The minute is in these words:

*"RESOLVED: that the directors of the Athenæum, are deeply sensible of the loss which they, in common with the rest of their fellow citizens, have sustained, by the lamented death of their late vice-president, Mr. Ewing, whose zealous exertions materially aided the foundation of the institution, and to whose intelligence and activity its present prosperous condition is greatly owing."*

It is not in consequence of indifference or negligence that the incidents of this memorial are so meagre. No one has more reason to dwell with affectionate regret upon every circumstance connected with the name to which it is devoted, than the writer of these pages to whom Mr. Ewing was always a judicious adviser and a cordial friend. His brief career, was diversified by no events to which biography could impart any interest: but as his professional practice was attended with no moderate reward, he may be mentioned as another instance of industry, struggling successfully against the blandishments of the muse.

In private life, the manners and conversation of Mr. Ewing, were highly attractive, combining social feeling and frankness of temper with sallies of playful wit. He was, moreover, truly charitable and generous. These qualities secured to him the love of numerous personal friends; and his integrity as a man, and usefulness as a citizen, acquired the confidence of the



community. He suffered much during the last five months of his life from the delusive disease which terminated his days, and, though occasionally flattered with the hope of restoration to health, he met death on the 8th of February, 1825, with firmness and christian resignation.

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#### NOTE ON PAGE 27.

This was made known to the American public at that time, but I think proper, for several reasons, to introduce in this place, a few extracts from letters which I received from Mr. Moore after his return to Great Britain.

—"I wish you would tell Mr. Dennie and Mr. Ewing, that nothing could give me greater happiness than to hear from them."—"It gives me great pleasure to find that you remember me so kindly, and I would very willingly make my peace with those of your countrymen who think otherwise of me. This life, however, is just long enough to commit errors in, but too short to allow us time to repair them; and there are few of my errors I regret more sincerely than the rashness I was guilty of, in publishing those crude and boyish tirades against the Americans. My sentiments, both with a respect to their national and individual character, are much changed since then, and I should blush, as a lover of liberty, if I allowed the hasty prejudices

of my youth to blind me now to the bright promise which America affords of a better and happier order of things than the world has, perhaps, ever yet witnessed. If *you* but continue to be as good *republicans* as we of Europe seem determined to be good *royalists*, the new and the old world need soon have no other designations, than the hemisphere of freemen, and the hemisphere of slaves."——

"My note about Washington, to which I allude, and which I had forgot, with all the other nonsense of that book, has, I find in recurring to the editions of my epistles, been omitted in every one since the first; which was as speedy an admission, as I could well make of the inconsiderateness and falsehood of the accusation."——

In another letter, he promises to take "some opportunity, (most probably in the life of Sheridan I am [July 1818,] preparing,) of letting the few to whom my opinions can be of any importance, know how much I regret, and how sincerely I retract every syllable, injurious to the great cause of liberty, which my hasty view of America and her society, provoked me into uttering."

## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

EWING.

How sweet the south-wind plays around my  
brow!—

How merciful in God, to temper thus,  
The burning sun-beam, with the cooling breeze!  
Man marks, ungrateful, with a frowning eye  
The transitory storm, where *Mercy* rides,  
To dissipate the idle dreams of life,  
While skies unclouded and the dewy breeze,  
Nor warm his heart, nor bend his stubborn knee!  
He notes with scowling and with angry eye,  
The man, who holds a pittance from his kind,  
Yet censures not himself, while he denies  
His thanks to God, that but increase his stores.  
Oh! my heart saddens, when it thinks on man.  
How gay yon plough-boy whistling to his team,  
As slowly plodding o'er the broken earth,  
He tells to air, the furrows he has made!  
The morn of life, is thine! poor, simple, lad!  
And mild and sweet the breeze, that fans thy  
locks!—

Yet ere another moon, the storm may howl,  
And rudely beat on thy unsheltered head.  
To day the pine-clad mountains bound thy hopes,

Thy ev'ry wish: but soon the villain's smile  
May poison every source of pure delight.  
Thy ear may close upon the village bell,  
That now on Sabbath leads thee to thy God—  
Thy little feet may then beguile thee far  
From every simple scene, thy home had known,  
To wander thro' the wild. From every storm,  
Unhous'd, unsheltered, from thy God estrang'd,  
Thy heart desponding, and thy soul deprest,  
Experience then may whisper in thine ear,  
To seek thy parent, as thy *first, best* friend.  
So have I mark'd the floweret by the hedge,  
Unfold its beauties to the morning sun,  
To hail the stranger as the source of life,  
And, heedless, shake the vital dews away,  
Till night steal on, and shroud its withered stalk!  
And leaves, wild scattered by the western blast!  
Yet would I not that man, within his shell  
Should snail-like shrink, and shun the social  
joy:

If he pursue the beaten path of life,  
Though on his eye, no hot-bed blossoms glare,  
To fascinate his artificial sense,  
Yet no thorns tear him, and no weeds obstruct:  
But if, with devious step, he turn aside,  
Where Fancy lures him, with her magic wand,  
To sip the freshness of the violet's lips,  
He may not murmur, if the briars wound ;  
His way was open,—unrestrain'd his will.

JACQUES.

## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

EWING.

THE deep-green foliage that the fickle year  
So lately wore, has faded—Autumn now,  
Fantastic, dresses in her varied hues.  
Mark, how the withered, fallen leaves are borne  
In whirlpool-motion on the western blast  
That whistles through the oaks. Now, herald-  
like,  
They sweep along the surface of the wood,  
To tell the covey that the Autumn tempts  
The sportsman's stroll. The whirring pheasant  
whirls  
His quick, short flight, untimely shot, unlike  
Those leaves, which sheltered from the rains of  
spring  
His unfledged brood, and live their proper hour.  
There are, who loud declaim, and idly tell  
That Cruelty, with savage smile, leads on  
The sportsman to the fields. Amid this class,  
Not few can breathe the well-timed, measured  
sigh  
Of affectation, when a partridge bleeds,  
Who may not startle at the murderous stab

Which makes them heirs!—Aye, I have seen  
the tear

That trembled on their cheeks, congealed, ere  
yet

The eye, *for which it rose*, had traced its course!

Out on such men, whose sensibility

Is warmed towards brutes alone!—For such are  
they

Who pray from habit, and from habit, sin!

I may not choose to justify the man,

Whose wanton hands do pander to his vanity—

Who, merciless, can clot the dove's soft down

To show his skill—such souls I leave to God,

Not judging then, when e'en no shade of doubt

Opposes reason's voice. With holy writ,

His sanction, justifier, and his guide,

What caidle vil, sentimental sigh,

What rigid moralist may stay that arm

That never, *needlessly*, destroys one link

In nature's chain? Aye, 'tis the fashion now,

To bid the eye perform the heart's sad office;

To be the *source* of sentimental grief;

No more the *channel* for those tears, that once

Warm and unbidden, streamed from some poor  
heart

Half-broken! 'Tis the fashion, too, to mould

The eye to mingle tears with those that shine

On Fancy's page, while many a wasting sigh

From Misery's child, unheeded, strikes that ear

Whose needless ornaments, might still the pang

That rends his broken heart. The fashion 'ti  
To gem the eye with pearls, to catch the ray  
That beam from lustres at a Theatre,  
And wear the outward show of sensibility.

JACQUES.

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## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE:

EWING.

How pleas'd to wander on the Lehigh's bank,  
As rippling gently o'er its pebbled bed,  
It wafts a mournful music to my ear.

How pleas'd, if He, who stamp'd my wayward  
fate

With many a sad, and many a dreary change,  
Had so ordain'd, that like this quiet stream,  
My hours might onward glide, serene, and  
calm!

The streamlet, oozing from the moss-clad clift,  
In some sequester'd and untrodden wild  
(Save by the prowling wolf, or lonely owl,  
Whose shrieks of night, e'en echo dreads to  
note,)

Rolls calmly onward to the mellow plain,  
And sips its sweets from many a fragrant flow'  
Whose freshness floats on every airy wave  
By nothing ruffled, save a mossy rock,

Or trunk of aged oak, that time has slain,  
That offer scarce a momentary check,  
But add fresh vigour to its silent stream;  
Onward it speeds its pure transparent wave,  
Till having passed the rustic's lowly shed,  
It loses all its sweetness, all its calm,  
And rolls an angry and a tainted tide;  
Then, mingling in the many-fountain'd stream  
Of Ocean, by attractive beams upraised,  
To kiss the fields with many an evening dew.  
Thus, in the morning dawn of life, the youth  
Starts from the goal of sweet simplicity,  
To run his race—His playful, untaught steps  
Pursue the flow'ry path—till syrens smile.  
Then soft Seduction crosses o'er his path,  
Maddening his brain, and leads the wanderer  
where

He sips of Dissipation's pois'nous draught.  
Here on the eye, the fascinating dome  
Of novelty now beams, and in he sails,  
And revels, quaffing from the burnished cup,  
Beneath whose surface lurks the deadly drug.  
Till worn and wearied by his sad career,  
He sinks, an helpless and a tainted mass,  
Into th' unfathom'd ocean of eternity,  
Where Mercy pardons, while the seraphs smile.

JACQUES.

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## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

EWING.

I VISITED the village inn but now;  
Disgusted, left it, at the idle buz  
Discordant, that the angry zealots made.  
Within, a crowd of noisy rustics roared  
Tumultuous, eager to unfold the stores  
Of information, that, in spite of idleness,  
Floated around their brains—the slender glean-  
ings  
Of the City's herald, that each week announced  
Few facts, more falsehoods, and a fine-spun web  
Of philosophic theory, to trap  
Their fluttering senses as they hovered round  
The meteor of liberty, and teach  
The *rights of man* to persons who degrade  
Themselves to beasts. Intoxicated thus,  
As loud and idly they amused themselves,  
Pensive, I marked along the posts which stood  
Before the Inn, a lamentable sight!—  
The noblest beast that man domesticates  
Drooping, neglected, patient, bent his head,  
As if to court the barren pavement, which  
Reflected hot the mid-day sun, to show  
More mercy than his master, and to sprout

One moistened blade of grass, to quench his  
parched  
And aching palate, 'till the midnight hour  
Should lead the drunkards home.

————— Oh! it did fill  
My soul with sadness, and I almost made  
Th' inquiry, wherefore man should live here-  
after,

And yet the faithful brute (as doctors teach)  
Far more deserving than such men as these,  
Should fall and rot, and fatten highway worms?  
Strange! that the man, whom God and reason  
teach

To till the field—whose happiness and health  
Do vegetate within his little farm,  
And there alone, should, with presumptuous  
bound

And vain, o'erleap the barriers of nature,  
And strive to wield the ponderous machine  
Of State—should deem himself the mighty pivot  
On which an empire turns—while, with a mind  
Unprejudiced, obedient to the voice  
Of God, and at th' untarnished mirror glancing  
That Nature holds to him, he sees himself  
A little cog in Nature's wheel, which God  
Ordained, subordinate to a higher power,  
Himself inactive on himself dependent—  
Yet still, it seems, a soil so fine might yield  
A richer crop, and doubtless so it would,  
Did not a villain scatter thistles there,

To choke the grain.—Where should the censure  
fall,  
When they who should have watched the bud-  
ding field,  
Sound slumber, while a foreign *harpy* brood  
Hover around it, and with raven wing  
Shut out the genial beam, and shed a chill  
Of blasting mildew, that themselves alone,  
Who on corruption feed, may fatten there?  
This is a question, and a bold one too,  
Yet natural—and therefore would I have  
An answer to it, ere it be too late—

JACQUES.

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## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

EWING.

THE blast blows bleakly through the mountain  
gap,  
And whistles down the vale—The drifting snow  
Beats in the face of the cold traveller,  
As plodding on along th' unbeaten road,  
Close muffled up, and breathing on his cold  
And aching fingers, he anticipates,  
In silent joy, the crackling faggot fire,  
And hearty welcome of a country inn.

But when the blast blows bleaker and more chill,  
And all the scene looks desolate and drear,  
His thoughts are joyless—By his side he finds  
No gay companion to beguile the time,  
Nor friend to cheer the dull and heavy hours  
Of a long winter's evening, and outlive  
The dying embers on the Inn's wide hearth;  
And Home, with all that tranquil calm delight  
Which *home alone* can yield, then rising full  
Before his fancy, saddens every thought.  
Yet thoughts so keen as these lose half their  
pangs,

When from the tavern-window, yet far off,  
The bar-room candle streams its steady light;  
And when in meditation, calm and still,  
Thrown backward on his chair, face upward  
turned,

Crossing his feet upon the chimney-front  
High as his head, he notes with half-shut eye  
The blue smoke slowly curling from his pipe,  
Then all his soul is calm; and storms that beat  
Around the Inn, by him unheeded howl.

The clear brook glides beneath its icy roof  
Silent, save where the sloping broken earth  
Impedes its tranquil stream, it murmurs down  
A ruffled wave. Within the cottage yard  
The farmer shovels off the drifted snow  
From the barn-door, to please the dairy-maid,  
And through the gate drives in the patient cow  
High in the air, far off, I yet can mark,

Flapping his wings, the wary, slow-winged crow  
Bending his course towards the dark-brown  
wood.

As from my cottage-door I turn my eye,  
Across the field—towards the mountain pines,  
Or up the highway all the country seems  
A smooth extended robe of clearest white.  
This scene, so dreary to the world's mad eye,  
To me is pleasant—and though nature now  
Appears to slumber to the man, whose mind  
Is utterly incapable to trace  
Effect from cause, I cannot but reflect  
That as the roof from tempest shelters man,  
So snow the grain from the chill wintry wind.  
Yet there is one for whom my bosom bled  
Last night, as on my couch I heard the blast  
Howl round the house, and listened to the hail  
Pattering against the window of my cot.  
She lives alone, within the straw-roofed hut,  
Close by yon laurel-covered mountain's foot;  
The narrow path which winds through yonder  
field,  
And up the meadow, leads you to her door.  
She is so poor, she cannot buy her food,  
But ever when the morn is fine, she creeps  
Along that path to beg a cup of milk,  
At some kind, charitable, farmer's door.  
Yet she is very old, and almost blind,  
And crippled, and she scarce can hobble o'er  
The stile—and ever as she reaches it,

She sits her down to gain a little strength,  
And rests her wrinkled forehead on her crutch,  
Bending her dim eye with an idle gaze  
Upon the grass. She moves so slowly on,  
And makes such feeble rustling in the grass,  
That oft the rabbit hopping through the hedge,  
Crosses her path close by, nor pricks his ears  
At sight of her. The farmers pass her by,  
And only wonder she is yet alive,  
She looks so old. Yet I can feel for her,  
And when the flakes of snow fell fast last night,  
I shivered as I thought how cold and chill  
The day would be to her without her chips,  
Which every morn she gathers in the wood.  
*I pity one who feels not for herself!*  
For I have talked with her about her youth,  
Have heard her tell the sorrows she had known,  
The disappointments she had met in life,  
And she would say that she was old and feeble,  
And had outlived her friends. Yet she would  
speak

As if she were to live yet many days,  
And wished it too! And I have never seen  
One transient frown upon her aged brow,  
Nor heard her heave one sorrow-freighted sigh!  
Oft on a summer's morn, as I have lain  
Upon the old oak bench, beside her door,  
And gazed intently on her palsied frame,  
Bow-bent and clad in tatters, I have mused  
In awful silence. I have pondered much

What gift *the flatterer, Hope*, could promise her,  
Would be a compensation for the toil,  
The pain, the weariness, the cheerless hours,  
Of this old woman's day. The poor old man,  
Crippled, and blind, and feeble as a babe,  
More poor than Poverty, when from the womb  
Of Idleness she came upon the earth,  
What expectation lifts *his* palsied hand,  
To grasp, as 'twere, the grass on his grave-side,  
That he might draw another idle breath!  
This ever flies my fancy's widest range!  
But I can tell full well, for I have known,  
What gilded visions cheer the dream of youth,  
What balm is poured on *his* half-broken heart,  
To prompt him onward thro' a desert wild?—  
*Anticipation* gilds with lover's smiles,  
His morrow's dawn—*Hope* leads the wanderer

ON,

And *Inclination*, nurse of Hope, beguiles  
The passing hours—embodies all their dreams,  
And, harsh, repels the whispering voice of  
Prudence,  
Which speaks of blessings scattered on his path,  
And tells him to enjoy them as they pass.  
He grasps an empty unsubstantial bubble,  
Or if a real good, Possession steals  
Its value—Disappointment turns his eye,  
What place Reflection, like a true friend, shows  
The joys he scorned, yet seldom makes him wiser.

JACQUES.

## THE MAMMOTH FEAST.

EWING.

The subsequent satire will be more fully understood, by recurring to an admirable prose description, which the historian of the Aurora has given to a wondering world. In the far famed Museum of Mr. Peale,

Behemoth, biggest born of earth  
Upheaves his vastness,  
and thirteen Virtuosi have decided that even the dry bones of the Mammoth afford very pretty picking.

“ The SKELETON, with which it is Mr. Rembrandt Peale’s intention shortly to visit Europe, was yesterday so far put together, that previous to taking it to pieces for the purpose of packing up, HE, and TWELVE other gentlemen partook of a collation WITHIN the BREAST of the animal, all comfortably seated round a small table, and one of Mr. Hawkin’s Patent Portable Piano’s ;—after which the following toasts were drunk, accompanied with music.

1. The *Biped* animal MAN—May peace, virtue, and happiness be his distinguishing character.

2. The American People—May they be as pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, as



the canopy we sit beneath surpasses the *fabric* of the Mouse. *Yankee Doodle*.

3. Agriculture—In constituting the pride and riches of our country, may its rewards be as abundant as THIS FRUIT\* was unexpected.

4. The Constitution of the United States—May "its ribs be as ribs of brass, and its backbone as molten iron."† *Hail Columbia*.

5. The Arts and Sciences—Nursed in a genial soil, and fostered with tender care, may their honour prove as *durable* as the *bower* which surrounds us.

6. The Brains of Freemen—May they never be so barricaded by the *jack-ass bones* of opposition as to crush their native energy.

7. The Friends of Peace—To all else, such *bones to gnaw*, as, dried by ten thousand moons, may starve their hungry maws.—*Jefferson's March*.

8. All Honest men—If they cannot feast in the *Breast of a Mammoth*, may their own breast be large enough.

9. The Ladies of Philadelphia—Ere their *naked beauties* prove as horrible as bare bones, may virtue behold them clothed in the garment of modesty.

\* These bones were discovered by farmers digging for manure.

† Job, chap. 40.

10. The Present Company—May their *second* birth, though from the womb of the breast, be followed with every blessing of life.

Volunteer—Success to these Bonny parts in Europe.”—*Aurora*.

---

ORPHEUS! thou flinty-rock-enlivening God!  
Thou dancing-master to the tree-clad mountains!

Be kind for once, and tell me by a nod,

A nod familiar, gentle, kind,

That up Parnassus I may wind

And tippie inspiration at the Muses' fountain,

Where thou, its keeper, fiddlest all the day,

While pebbles, sands, and stones, like hail-  
storms round thee play!

Orpheus! I venerate thy fiddling talent

And wish to make of it a trial,

I know thee musical and very gallant

Too much so to return a flat denial!

I pray thee, fiddler! to accept from me,

The homage of my high consideration,

Arcadian swains did not more joy to see

Your wife and you among them show  
your faces,

Teaching the awkward oaks the airs and  
graces,

Than I should wouldst thou take thy station  
At *Peale's Museum*, pride of this great nation!

Thou knowest, sweet Orpheus! that this Mr.  
Peale

Has sent his Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt  
round,

Wherever toe-nails of a flea are found,  
To serve, *without reward*, the common weal!  
These apes of Italy have had good luck  
Wherever, bee-like, they have stopped to suck;  
Yet when they only skeletons could find  
They brought the bones, but left the flesh be-  
hind.

Now, Orpheus! could'st thou visit the Museum,  
Striding the back-bone of a crocodile  
Which Mr. Peale transported from the  
Nile,

And hum a single couplet of *Te Deum*,

In capering fit  
The wren and tit,  
The lion, bear,  
The monkey, hare,  
The crouching cat,  
The half-blind bat,  
The Turkish dog,  
The mud-clad hog,  
And hopping frog,  
The long-tailed mouse,  
The dappled louse,  
And Jersey growse,

The soaring eagle,  
Sharp-eyed beagle,  
The chattering daw,  
And Indian squaw,  
Rocks, sands, and stones,  
And Mammoth's bones,  
The spider too,  
And all the crew,  
Of insects vile,  
Brought many a mile,  
The sleek black bug,  
(So fond of rug)  
Which lies so snug,  
In glassy case,  
And shows its face,  
To all of those  
Who love rare shows,  
The cackling goose,  
And awkward moose,  
Would all get loose  
ould bound, turn round, and reel and squeal  
hile Raphael, Rembrandt, every Peale  
om street to street, from door to door,  
In extacy would run and roar,  
" *The wondrous work explore.*"\*

pheus! I wish to sound a strain  
hich e'en thyself wouldst not disdain,

• The motto on the door of the Museum.

Of dinner-parties in a Mammoth's belly,  
Of puddings, custards, pies, and jelly,

\* \* \* \* \*  
This is my theme, sweet Orpheus! let me cheer  
In strains most musical, *Mazzei's* ear  
While idly lolling in his rocking-chair—

Rembrandt and twelve more gentlemen were  
seen

Within a Mammoth's belly, round and clean,  
(Bones of a Mammoth found by some rude boor,  
While, heedless of his luck, he dug manure,)  
Within its maw a walnut table placed,  
Profusely decked to suit the varied taste;  
A frog's hind leg here met the roving eye,  
And there the muscles of a spider's thigh;  
A bat's small pinion in a muscle-shell,  
In snail's blood fried, sent forth a savoury smell;  
High seasoned, in an eagle's upper bill  
Were poured the juices of a pole-cat's tail;  
Within the thigh-bone of a Spanish mule,  
A Salamander's blood was put to cool!  
Upon a block of petrified cork-wood,  
Right on the centre of the table, stood  
A precious prize—a huge sea-turtle's shell,  
Found in the stomach of an *Erie* whale,  
Who, swimming over Niagara's fall,  
Was bruised so much, it died at Montreal!—  
Within this shell, a motley soup was made  
Which more than all had Rembrandt's art displayed,—

Thousands of strange ingredients in it thrown,  
Were stirred together with an ass's bone!—

To pay his homage to each curious guest  
Who revelled at this philosophic feast,  
Mazzei, toiling for his people's ease,  
Had thither sent a *slave* with Mammoth cheese—  
A mity cheese in Massachusetts made  
Without the *hands of slaves or foreign aid*,  
And sent to him who guides the helm of state,  
Who, *moon-like* rose, just when *our Sun* had set—  
By free-born Yankees made, within a State  
Which ne'er *till now* had meanly praised the  
great;

Which ne'er *till now*, had stooped to flatter one  
Who had belied *his* friend, *our Washington*.  
His cheese they nibbled like so many mice,  
While mites skipped nimbly and as thick as lice  
On head of *Callender*, before 'twas shorn  
By savage shears, which cruelly had torn  
Husbands from wives, unmoved by their petition  
That they might still retain a *thirty years pos-  
session*.

Now seated round the walnut table snug  
Sipping Siberian whiskey, from a mug,  
Found undigested, by an Indian squaw,  
Within a Cassowary's monstrous maw—  
Rembrandt arose, the master of the feast,  
And thus addressed each virtuoso guest,  
Philosophers! the table-cloth removed:  
List to my toast, and be it well approved—

Hawkins! strike up the tune that *David* played  
When at his feet the queen of Sheba laid  
To bathe his legs—a condescending maid”—  
Hawkins obeyed the order and began,  
While Rembrandt gave “*The biped creature*  
man,

*May virtue, peace, and happiness appear,  
His genuine characteristics here.”*

The soft, and love-sick strains crept gently  
round,

And through the Mammoth’s tail and ears soon  
found

Wide opened doors and breathed a pleasant  
sound.

A pipe of flint-stone Rembrandt now displayed  
(By *Little Turtle’s* mother’s grandsire made)  
And filled it with tobacco made long since  
By Walter Raleigh, who, when going hence,  
Left it among the tribe from whom descends  
*Cornplanter*, noblest of our Indian friends!—  
The chesnut-tree which grows on *Ætna’s* side,  
(Whose trunk can more than fifty Mammoths  
hide,)

A coal, to light this curious pipe, supplied.  
The pipe went round, and as the smoke curled  
up,

Each virtuoso forward stretched his head,  
(Much like tame geese when under gates they  
tread,)

And through his nostrils tried to get a sup!

Rembrandt again arose with solemn phiz,  
And looked as if he meant his guests to quiz  
With a strange toast, of which not one who  
heard

Could, for his soul, well understand one word—

*“ The brains of freemen! may they never be  
So barricaded by the jack-ass bones  
Of opposition, that their native energy  
Be crushed, like adders’ heads between two stones.”*

Hawkins, with jaws extended wide, looked  
round,

His patent portable breathed not a sound,

In admiration and in wonder lost

Ignorant what tune to play to such a toast;

Then idly dropped his fingers on the keys,

And struck, apparently with perfect ease,

Such sounds of harmony as hungry cats,

Would make when running o’er the keys in  
chase of rats—

The tune concluded, Rembrandt rose again

And gave a gentle toast in mildest strain,

*“ The friends of peace! may all else have such  
bones*

*To gnaw, as, dried by twenty thousand moons,*

*May starve their hungry maws,*

*And break their jaws.”*

A toast so mild, deserved soft melting airs,

And Hawkins, ever prompt, assailed their ears



With that sweet *march*, which, when *our freedom died*,

A *Gaul* composed to sooth *Mazzei's* pride—  
Rembrandt again rose up and roared aloud,

A toast among the philosophic crowd,

"*The Philadelphia Ladies! as we love  
Them all, we'll say, (before their naked beauties  
prove*

*As horrible as bare bones,) may we see  
Their limbs beneath the garb of modesty.*"

Could a philosopher this toast express?

Who loves sweet nature unadorned by dress

Who loves to see her naked, unadorned?

Who, as superfluous, has always scorned

The artificial trappings of the world,

And swears that nature from her throne is hurled

If future females should conceal each limb

With robes, philosophy would be a whim,

Uncertain theory, mere speculation,

An idle business of calculation—

What philosophic brain pretends to know

The changes female forms may undergo—

And if a change in female forms should be,

How should we know it, when we cannot see

Their limbs, beneath the garb of modesty?—

But, Orpheus! cease, for Heav'n's sake cease to  
strain:

I'm tired of singing, on my word, I am,

My throat is parched—give me a cooling drink

When next I want thee I shall call again—

Yet one more breath to tell each curious ear,  
That after ten toasts and a volunteer,  
Rembrandt first crept from out the Mammoth's  
maw,

And hung suspended from its lower jaw,  
Then eighteen feet dropt down upon the earth,  
Where Raphael stood to greet him at his "*second birth*"—

Some crept between the ribs—some through the  
ears.

Gutted of all its guests, the beast appears,  
Save Hawkins, who, within its belly latent  
Took up his *portable piano patent*,  
Together much too large t'escape before,  
They *found a passage* through the wide back-  
door.

*March, 1802.*

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AN EPIGRAM should be—if right,  
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,  
A lively little thing!  
Like wasp with taper body—bound  
By lines—not many, neat and round,  
All ending in a sting.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

EWING.

SWEET Caledonian! rest beneath thy turf,  
Thy reed is silent and thy lyre unstrung;  
No more the warmth of genius fires thy eye,  
Nor millions list the music of thy tongue.

The lamb, reclining on thy grass-grown grave,  
Warms thy cold sod, nor crops one tender  
blade;  
Ah! learn from it to press with fairy foot  
The spot where Scotia's idol, Burns, is laid.

When twilight rises from the moss-clad cave,  
And creeps, unheeded, down the silent vale,  
The muses seek the turf where Burns is laid,  
Sigh to the breeze and murmur to the gale.

What hedge the lily droops its pensive head,  
Or rose-bud sips the chilly evening air,  
Each Muse, dejected, seeks with silent tread,  
To catch the dew-drops which may tremble  
there.

Silent, returning to his lonely grave,  
They brush, with velvet hand the dust away,  
Tear, with indignant hand, the barren briar,  
And pluck the nettle from his hallowed clay.

Around his grave, with slow, sad, pensive pace,  
Moving they chant a requiem to his shade,  
Scatt'ring the dew-drops, mingled with a tear,  
And hallow the green turf where Burns is laid.

Each, in her turn, to breathe one plaintive  
strain,  
Plaintive as that from his half-broken heart,  
Robed in the mantle which for him they wove,  
Strikes on the lyre, and acts her mournful part.

The night-bird ceases her unheeded tale,  
List'ning awhile to strains more sweet than  
those  
She e'er had sung—then lends her feeble aid,  
And pours out one sad note to Burns's woes.

The morning twilight streaks the eastern skies,  
And smiles serenely on his clay-roofed urn;  
Life-wearied wanderer! Nature tuned that reed  
Which sang so sweetly "*Man was made to  
mourn.*"

## PARODY

OF

ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

EWING.

I do remember an old bachelor  
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted  
In suit of sables with a care-worn brow  
Conning his books; and meagre were his looks—  
Celibacy had worn him to the bones;—  
And in his silent parlour hung a cloak  
The which the moths had used not less than he!  
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair-trunk  
Made up the furniture, and on his shelves  
A grease-clad candlestick, a broken mug,  
Two tumblers, and a box of strong cigars,  
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute  
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye  
Of prying stranger—*this man had no wife*—  
His tattered elbow gaped most piteously,  
And ever as he turned him round, his skin  
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.—  
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,  
An if a man did covet single life,  
Reckless of joys which Matrimony gives,  
Here lives a lonely wretch would show it him

In such most dismal colours, that the shrew  
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,  
Were each a Heaven, compared with such a  
life—

But this same thought does not forerun *my* need  
Nor shall this bachelor tempt *me* to wed—

As I remember this should be the house;  
Being sabbath noon, the outer door is shut.—

CELEBS.

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## PARODY

OF

ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

EWING.

I do remember a precise old maid  
And hereabout she dwells—whom late I noted  
In rustling gown, with wan and withered lips,  
Demure and formal, dusting-cloth in hand,  
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.  
Envy had worn her to the very bones!  
And in her shining parlour, flower pots stood,  
Decked with geranium, and jessamine,  
And orange trees, and roses, pinks and lilies,  
“*Bachelor's buttons*,” crisp as she herself,

And lowly passion-flower, the type of love!  
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking glass,  
Were burnished bright and oft; and round the  
    room,  
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,  
An old work-basket, sal-volatile,  
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,  
With lamb or lap dog hanging on their arms,  
Novels from Circulating Library,  
"Law's Serious Call to unconverted folks,"  
Love elegies, a Bible, and a cat,  
Were duly ranged, for ornament or use,  
As spleen prevailed or visitors came in.  
List'ning, as through the house her shrill voice  
    screamed,  
Scolding the servants, to myself I said,  
An if a man did wish to gain a wife,  
With *show* of courtship, here's an ancient maid,  
Whose lips have practised long before the glass,  
The faint refusal, and the eager *yes*  
Following as quick as echo to the sound!  
And this same thought does but forerun *my* need,  
I'll instant seek—some *younger* maid to wed!  
As I remember this should be the house.  
Being twilight-hour, she's out upon the trot  
To barter scandal for a dish of tea.

TOUCHSTONE.

## THE MISANTHROPE.

EWING.

The following tremendous curses, supposed to proceed from the most austere misanthropy, are highly characteristic. The author appears to have studied diligently the character of Timon of Athens. He has caught the spirit of Shakspeare's manhater, and, faithful to preserve the poet's energy and grace, is no servile imitator.

OH! for another flood, to drown the race  
Of Vipers that assume the form of Man,  
And no kind ark, to carry o'er the waves  
One solitary soul! save those whom long  
Life's ills have wearied out, and those who joy  
To mix in social converse with their kind,  
And those alone! but scattered as the sands  
In whirlpools twining, may those *last* be found,  
That not one gleam of *hope* may cheer the gloom  
Which mists them round! *Care!* with thy leaden  
hand,  
Press, ceaseless, and upon their aching brows  
Make furrows deep! *Discord* and *Strife!* blow  
loud  
Thy war-shell, and eternal, that the mind  
May know no interval to taste the dream  
G



Of *hope!* Soul-gnawing *Envy!* to thy aid  
Call *Jealousy!* and with thy poisoned rust  
(Yet slow as water wears the marble's face)  
Corrode their very hearts, nor suffer e'er  
That *confirmation* of the ills they dread  
Should blunt the edge of doubt! *Malice!* black  
fiend!

Ne'er slumber, but with secret step, and sure,  
And patient as the ant, deep burrow on,  
And clear a path for *Slander's* barbed darts!  
*Slander!* array thy legions, ceaseless hiss  
Thy tale, nor leave them, even in their dreams!  
*Fear!* take such form as oft at midnight hour  
Thou wear'st at Superstition's couch, just waked  
From horrid dreams, and turn the big, cold  
drop

That freezes on the brow when spectred forms,  
Hideous and pale, o'er Fancy's mirror glide,  
To a slow poison! *Horror!* chill their blood,  
Seize on their trembling knees and creeping  
hair,  
And grate harsh discords on their chattering  
teeth!

Sands, such as Arab's deserts show, high piled  
As *Ætna*, let them travel o'er, while from  
Above, the sun darts perpendicular  
His hottest beam, and may the ardent prayer  
Of some good *Joshua* at such hour be heard,  
And stationary keep the noon-day sun,  
Eternal! At their feet may riv'lets run,

Cool, but yet tainted every drop, that thus  
The eye may mock the parched and blistered  
tongue!

Refine the senses, and refining e'er,  
Yet never gratified! May vipers, bats,  
Toads, spiders, scorpions, fast accumulate  
As loathsome worms upon a putrid corse!  
*Despair!* ne'er leave them, save what hour thy  
foe,

Cursed *Suicide!* the dagger grasps—but with  
Returning reason, come with doubled pangs!  
Mild *Sensibility!* conclude the work,  
Pour thy soft balm o'er every little nerve,  
That trifles light (which *Resolution's* voice  
Would scatter, as the sun the morning mist,  
Yet silent that) may wear a giant's form!

TIMON.



## EPIGRAM

### FROM THE FRENCH.

"LET the loud thunder roll along the skies,  
*Clad* in my *virtue* I the storm despise."  
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,  
To be so *shelter'd* in so *thin* a dress!"

## MISERIES OF SENSIBILITY.

EWING.

*To the Editor of the Port Folio.*

SIR,

I APPROACH you with the veneration and respect due to the tutor and to the sage. I seek consolation from your advice. I implore you to be the mediator between the ladies and myself; to reinstate me in their good opinion, by persuading them, that the traits in my character, which they have uncharitably termed coquetry, and fickleness, and whim, if they be not legitimate shoots of the tree of sensibility....if they be not virtues, are at least the honest errors of a warm and feeling heart. From the sketches which I shall give to you, my character may, with ease, be pourtrayed. I presume the ladies will forgive me, if, in reciting some of the events of my life, I avoid the mention of real names.

It is certain, that, from the want of proper regulation, and continued reflection, the virtues of the heart may be the parents of innumerable ills. Hospitality may cherish the adder in her mansion.....Economy may wear the garb of Avarice.....Prudence may create a dangerous

timidity.....Charity may profusely and ruinously squander her stores.....and the warm and affectionate heart, in its intercourse with female society, may assume the manners of fickleness and levity, and its possessor reproachingly be termed a coquette. If this consideration lead the world to form their opinions on the merits or demerits of actions, from an investigation of their sources, the ladies, as well as I, may benefit by it.

With due respect for the opinions of *Helvetius*, Nature made me as I am. She gave me an ardent disposition, and a warm heart, which led me into female society, long before I understood my Latin grammar. I do not recollect the period when I was not in love, nor the time when I was out of it. I well remember, that, at the age of eight or nine years my heart was stolen by a neighbour's child, about my own age. The ardent declarations of attachment as frequently warmed my lips, and the sanguine anticipations of the joys of wedlock were as frequently indulged by me at that time, as at any later period. My "*sweetheart*," however, removed to a distant street, and I found absence to be a cure for love. But I was not formed to be out of love. I was again enslaved, and again the removal to another street broke my fetters.

Thus I continued till the age of seventeen, ever living on the smiles of some neighbouring

angel. Love had its bliss and its agony, its jealousy and its cares. If the preference of my charmer for another occasionally racked my soul, yet I have felt what lovers alone feel, when permitted to walk by *her* side, in our juvenile rambles; when my rose-bud was accepted in preference to another; or when, in our infant *sports*, to redeem her pawn, I was selected to be kissed.

Till this period, however, I had made to no one an offer of marriage, nor can I say, *with certainty*, that it had ever been expected. But, about this time, a charming girl came to reside in our neighbourhood, and soon formed an acquaintance with the lasses of her own age. Her flowing locks and soft blue eyes enslaved my susceptible heart, before I had spoken to her. I teased one of my female acquaintances to introduce me to her, and on a fine evening in July, I sat by her, for the first time, on the steps of her father's door. The hours passed rapidly, and, when my introducer rose to go home, I suffered some one else to wait on her, and remained behind. This, of course, was called fickle and unpolite; but it made no impression on me, as what I had lost in the esteem of one, I had gained in that of the other. I was now happy. Each day I walked by the house of my charmer, and each evening stopped at her door, if she was sitting there, for I did

not dare to knock and ask for her. A year flew on rapidly, and I was ever in her presence. I watched her when she went to school in the morning, and her return at noon. When she visited at night, if I was not invited, I walked up and down before the house for hours, that I might go home with her.

She became acquainted with a young stranger, and I began to grow jealous. I soon perceived that he was a dangerous rival. In his father's garden were roses, and every morning and evening some were plucked for her. I, alas! had none to offer, and I saw, with torment, that his company was anxiously expected....that he was welcomed with smiles, and I had lost my charms. My feelings and my impetuosity were foes to suspense. I watched one evening when my rival had gone to a ball; I went to Maria, and declared my attachment, in unqualified terms, I felt what I said, and vehemently swore her rejection of me would be my death. But she was deaf to my love; the roses of my rival had won her heart; she hinted that her father wished to lock up the house; I departed, and for a few days, was miserable.

A fortnight afterwards, a new face stole my heart, and Maria was forgotten. I wondered what I had seen in her to admire; I thought her proud and homely, foolish and fickle. Novelty gave strong recommendations to my new ac-

quaintance, and her old beaux were deserted for me. But as novelty decked me with charms, so those charms vanished with the flight of novelty. A new face destroyed the impression I had made, and, determined to subject myself no more to the mortification of a refusal, I left her house in a pet, and was called a coquette by the ladies.

Four or five years have passed since; but the events of those years have been nearly similar. The same disposition still remains to tease and torment me. I am captivated with a new face, and rashly believe it to be the lovely index of the mind. The first interviews are subject to the influence of this impression; I become immediately a daily visiter. But I am soon abandoned to the female rage of novelty, or I discover faults and follies I had not expected, and cease my visits. The ladies believe and term me a coquette, fickle as the wind.

My dear Mr. Oldschool I wish and beseech you to explain to the ladies the motives of my actions: I wish you to persuade them, that I am not a coquette, but am too easily and suddenly captivated by their charms, and that, if my acquaintance with them is short, it is my misfortune, and not my fault; I wish you to tell them, that my disposition will not suffer me to share their smiles with any one, and that if I do not possess their whole affections, I cannot visit them

at all. Tell them that I would rather be hated, than treated indifferently. The latter is a source of continual mortification, while the former, though it may for a moment grieve me, yet carries with it its own antidote,

“For grief is proud and makes the owner stout.”

Tell them, I pray you, that my friendship is mistaken for love. The frequency of my visits, the ardour of my conversation, and the particularity of my manners, where I am pleased, though resulting solely from friendship, are mistaken by the ladies for love, and offers of marriage are anxiously expected. If they be not made, I am treated with indifference, my visits are discontinued, and I am called a coquette; while there are others, who visit at the same house for years, and are ever treated with civility. I beseech you, Mr. Oldschool, to advise me under what regimen to place my disposition, so as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with the ladies, without raising false expectations, or subjecting myself and my pecuniary situation to the busy and malicious scrutiny of aunts and sisters, and all the old maids in the neighbourhood.

Yours, &c.

SENSITIVE.



## DENNIE.

**JOSEPH DENNIE** was the son of a respectable merchant in Boston, of the same name, and Mary, daughter of Bartholomew Green, a printer in that town. He was born on the 30th August, 1768. In the year 1775, his father removed to Lexington, a town ten miles distant from the metropolis, which shortly after became memorable as a scene of wanton bloodshed, resulting in the establishment of an independent empire. In the education of Dennie, nothing was omitted that affection could suggest or care accomplish; and the son often dilated with pathetic eloquence on the assiduous attention that guarded his early years. In 1783 he was sent to a school at Boston, to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping. After remaining about twelve months in that situation he was removed to a compting room, where it was intended that he should be initiated in the mysteries of trade. Before the close of the first year his friends were convinced that the pursuit of gain was not the career in which he would succeed. He had always discovered a fondness for books, and he now applied himself, with great diligence to study, in order to obtain an academical education. He became a pupil in the private school

of the late Samuel West, D.D., a clergyman distinguished for profound learning and fervent piety, who resided at Needham, about twelve miles from Boston. Like most boys, he was fond of tricks as well as books; but his worthy preceptor did not find "his pranks too broad to bear with." After a noviciate of two years, he passed the usual examination at Harvard, and was admitted into the second or sophomore class, at the Commencement in 1787, being then nearly nineteen years of age. Here his diligence was exemplary, though often interrupted by pleasure, and injured by desultory reading. Polite literature was the ruling passion in his mind, and it may be said with much truth of Dennie, that it was

What, in nature's dawn, the child admired.  
The youth endeavour'd and the man acquired.

In a letter, with which I have been favoured by his mother, a pious lady who died a few years ago, at an advanced age, it is remarked, that "he wrote poetry in early life after the manner of Horace, and various other modes, but never pleased himself. Some of these pieces were so pathetic that he could not read them without the tears running down his cheeks. His father persuaded him to quit a pursuit where he would kill himself with his own sword." His ambi-

tion was stimulated by the praise with which these efforts were crowned; but his fondness for polite letters produced a neglect of more important studies. He was always so "ill at numbers," that it is said he never could be induced to learn arithmetic. At one time, awakened by the remonstrances of a friend, he purchased a slate and book, but his resolution did not bear him through the *Rule of Three*. At a subsequent period of his life he was sadly puzzled, on a certain occasion, by his landlady, who wished to be informed of the gross amount of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of mutton at  $5\frac{1}{4}d.$  per pound. After scrawling for a long time on a sheet of paper, he told the lady that the calculation required more labour than the article was worth, and that as there was no doubt the butcher was honest, she might as well pay his demand.

He enjoyed, however, the reputation of a scholar, not only among his class-mates, but in the government of the institution, though his eccentricities did not escape attention. In his senior year an incident occurred which he remembered with lively emotion at every period of his life. It is not easy to reconcile the various relations which exist respecting this circumstance, and if any is to be preferred, the distinction is due to the letter already quoted. According to this authority, he gave umbrage to the Professors by pronouncing one of Lord

Chatham's speeches "which," says the writer, "was bitter" and, as all agree, contained some *shadowing forth* of an obnoxious tutor. The offence may have consisted in the manner and not the matter. He was certainly a contemner of authority, and he may have neglected to observe a particular form or an established law. Whatever was the fact, he was *rusticated* for a term of six months. By his own account, written at the time, he does not justify his conduct, but speaks of it, in a letter to his father, in terms of contrition. That it was not more than one of the ordinary ebullitions of youth may be inferred from the assurance which he gave to his parents, that his friend and patron at college, on parting, treated him with the "utmost friendliness—with all the urbanity which characterizes the gentleman and the scholar."

He received the usual honours of the university, with his classmates, at the commencement in 1790, though no part of the exercises of the day was allotted to him; and he departed from the Alma Mater, with bitter execrations against the severity with which he thought he had been treated.

Emancipated from the rule of college authority, we next find him balancing between different pursuits. At one time he talked of studying divinity; but 60*l.*, the common stipend in those days, in New England, offered very little

inducement, and he shrunk from the restraints which the life of a clergyman imposes. "It was an insuperable bar," he said, "to preferment; it precluded many pleasures, and he thought it inspired a starchedness of thinking and behaviour," entirely at variance with his views.

Possessing such notions on this important subject, the friends of religion will not regret the conclusion of Dennie that a cassock would not suit his shoulders; and they will readily admit the propriety of his declining the offer, at a subsequent period, of the rectorship of St. John's Church, in Portsmouth, the capital of Rhode Island. If the inditing of "Lay Preachers," would have been a sufficient discharge of the duties of so sacred an office, Dennie might have been a priest: but he would never consent to any plan which might interfere with the privilege that he assumed,

"To see what friends and read what books he pleased."

In one of his essays he speaks of Great Britain, emphatically, as the country in which those who are in orders are "paid," and sneers at the niggardliness of the parishioners of a New England curate. In his golden dreams of Mitres and Establishments, he forgot that a very large majority of English curates do not

receive a moiety of the salary that he despised, while they perform the duties of their bishops, who riot on their labours.

The art of medicine next presented, in its theory, something delightful to the imagination of Dennie. Instead of narrowing the circle of amusement, he thought that this occupation would enlarge it. It taught, in his opinion, the best of all sciences, the science of mankind. It demanded none of those laborious literary exertions which the other professions indispensably require, and it abounded in exercise, the best friend to health. This was the bright side of the picture, drawn by inexperience, and coloured with the hues of fancy. Some practical men, among his friends, no doubt exhibited, on coarser canvass, the rough realities of the art, and Dennie no longer aspired to become a physician.

By what consideration his resolutions were confirmed, is unknown; but in December, 1790, he became a student of law, in the office of Benjamin West, at Charleston, N. H. Those who knew him at that time describe him as a delightful companion, warmly alive to the wants of his friends, whom he assisted with his purse, but oftener with his credit among his Boston acquaintance, on whom he is said to have drawn very largely, for expensive luxuries. This he thought the happiest period of his

life. He was the oracle and delight of a circle in which he was beloved to a very uncommon degree, and his speculations in the newspapers had already attracted attention. That he was not a severe student may be inferred from his habits, his taste, and the character of his companions. In a spritely essay he has delineated one of those readers of the law *who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court*; and there is every reason to believe that the painter sat to himself for the picture. But in all his vagaries, as he terms his unfortunate propensity to pleasure, his heart was not depraved. He corresponded with his parents with freedom and ease, and frequently indulges in fervent prayers that the deplorable malady with which his father was occasionally afflicted, may be assuaged. At the expiration of three years he was admitted to the bar. This event is announced in one of his domestic letters, in the following terms:

“ Periodical essayists plume themselves not a little upon the delight their papers afford the million on the day of publication. The receipt of letters from friends affords similar satisfaction; and each time the postman arrives my joy rivals that of the essay reader. In a situation like mine, in a village thin of inhabitants and barren in incident, news from Massachusetts, from *the world*, and lastly, from *parents*, are necessarily interesting. I wish, as Cicero saith, you

would frequently place this argument before your eyes, that it may induce you to write oftener. Since writing this I have received from you an affecting letter, and I both subscribe to your sentiments and yield obedience to your wishes. Ten days since I was, at Keene, by an unanimous vote of the bar, admitted to practise at the Court of Common Pleas. Within a week after admission I opened, with the approbation and sanction of Mr. West, an office at Charleston.—I do at present *some* little business, and have hopes of more. I am now worth 416 dollars, clear and unincumbered. I enjoy a high station on the rock of independence, unscared, as Pope says, by the spectre of poverty, and hope I shall be able to walk through life without a crutch.”

One of his early friends, who was present at Dennie’s professional *debut*, gives the following account of it:

—“No young lawyer ever entered on practice with more favourable auspices. The senior members of the bar augured success, and he numbered all who were valuable among the juniors as particular friends. As it was generally known when he was to deliver his maiden speech, by a kind of tacit agreement the gentlemen of the bar resolved to afford him the most favourable arena for the display of his eloquence. The opposing counsel had engaged to



suspend all interference, although his statement deviated ever so far from fact.

Mr. Dennie had been engaged on behalf of the defendant, to support a motion for an imparlance or continuance in an action brought by certain plaintiffs for the recovery of the contents of a promissory note. The execution of the note could not be contested. It was given for a valuable consideration, and was justly due. A very liberal indulgence had already been extended to the defendant by several previous imparlances, and nothing remained for the most adroit advocate to press upon the court, but the untoward effects a judgment and consequent writ of execution would have upon the fortunes of his client.

The court opened, and, as if by previous concert, all other business was suspended, and our young advocate, after bowing gracefully, assumed the attitude of an orator, and addressed the court.

I wish I could transcribe this address, as the lawyers say "in hæc verba," but I can give only a mere sketch. Twenty years have elapsed, [1818] and I remember it as I do an original picture of Claude Lorraine—to do justice to the original I should possess the talents of the matchless artist.

He began with a luminous history of compulsory payments; he showed clearly that as know-

ledge was diffused humanity prevailed, even from the savage era, when the debtor, his wife and children were sold into slavery, to satisfy the demands of the creditor, and the corpse of the insolvent was denied the rites of sepulture, through the iron age of our English ancestors, when the debtor was incarcerated "in salva et arcta custodia," down to the present day, when, by the amelioration of the laws, the statutes of bankruptcy and jail delivery had humanely liberated the body of the unfortunate debtor from prison, upon the surrender of his estate. He observed, that, in the progress of knowledge, the municipal courts had, by interposing "the law's delay" between the vindictive avarice of the creditor and the ruin of the debtor, always to the honour of the judiciary department, preceded the legislative, in the merciful march of humanity—that the time was not far distant when the legislature would repeal those statutes which provided for imprisonment for debt, and punished a virtuous man as a criminal, merely because he was poor.

But aside of these general considerations, he begged leave to lay the defendant's unhappy case before the court; he would "a round unvarnished tale deliver." His client was a husbandman, a husband, and the father of a large family, who depended *solely* on the labour of his hands for bread—he had seen better days—

but his patrimonial farm had been sold for continental money, and the whole lost by dejection, whilst others had been getting good. A deep scar in his side, occasioned by the thrust of a British bayonet at the battle of Bunker-Hill, all he had to remunerate him for his service as a soldier, during the revolutionary war. He "poet's eye" began to roll "in a fine frenzy." We saw the hapless husbandman "plodding a weary way" through the chill blast of a winter's storm, and seeking, through the deep snow, his log cottage, beneath the crag of an abrupt precipice; "the taper's solitary light appears—vanishes—and again lights up his heart—the door opens—his children : "lisp their sire's return, and climb his knee for an envied kiss to share"—"the busy house prepares the frugal repast, the wicker clock is drawn before the capacious hearth, and the crackling faggot flies;" the labours of the year are forgotten, and all is serenity and domestic bliss—the family bible is opened—the psalm is sung, and the father of the family rises in the midst of his offspring, and invokes a blessing upon his country and his government, and devoutly prays that its freedom and independence may last as long as the sun and moon shall endure—acknowledges his own trespasses and pours out his heart in gratitude, that in the midst of judgment God had remembered him.

—that though despoiled of wealth, the wife of his youth was continued unto him; that his children were blest with health, that they had a roof to cover them from the wintry storm, and that, under his Divine protection, they might sleep in peace, with none to disturb them or make them afraid:—but scarcely does the incense of prayer ascend from that golden censer, a good man's heart, when an appalling knock is heard; the wooden latch is broken, the door is widely thrown open—enter the bailiff, “down whose hard, unmeaning face ne’er stole the pitying tear,” with the writ of execution issued in this cause; he arrests the hapless father, and amidst the swoonings of the wife, and the sobbings and imbecile opposition of his children, he is dragged through the pelting of “the pitiless storm,” to a loathsome prison.

Was not this a case to be distinguished from the common herd of parties which cumbered the court's docket? Was not some consideration to be had for a brave man who had bled for that Independence, without which their honours would not now dignify the bench, as the magistrates of a free people? Was rigid justice, untempered with mercy, to be alone found in the judicial courts of a people renowned for their humanity? and shall human laws, “which should be made only to check the arm of wick-

edness," be changed into instruments of oppression and cruelty?

The orator ceased—mute attention accompanied the delivery, and at the close all were charmed and all silent; even the opposing counsel sat hesitating betwixt his fees and his feelings, and forebore to reply. This silence, which our young advocate seemed to notice with peculiar complacency, was broken from the bench. The judge, an unlettered farmer, who, by the prevalence of party, had attained the summit of yeoman ambition, a seat on the bench of an inferior court, who knew only the technical jargon of the court, and to whom the language and pathos of Dennie were alike unintelligible, sat, during the delivery of the address rolling a pair of "lack lustre eyes" with a vacant stare sometimes at the orator and then at the bar, as if seeking most curiously for meaning, and who was perhaps restrained only by the respectful attention of the latter from interrupting the speaker—The Judge broke silence.

*Judge.* I confess I am in rather a kind of a quandary, I profess I am somewhat dubus, I cant say that I know for sartin *what the young gentleman would be at.*

*Counsellor V.* My brother Dennie, may it please your honour, has been enforcing his motion for an Imparlance on the part of the De-

fendant, in the cause of Patrick Mc Gripinclaw *et alii* Plaintiffs, vs. Noadiah Chubber.

*Judge.* Oh! Aye! now I believe I understand—the young man wants the cause *to be hung up for the next term, duz he?*

*Counsellor V.* Yes, may it please the court.—

*Judge.* Well, well, if that is all he wants, why couldn't he say so in a few words, pat to the purpose, without all this *larry cum lurry?*

Our advocate took his hat and gloves from the table, cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the Bæotian magistrate and stalked out of the court house.

Although Mr. Dennie affected to view his unlucky debut in its proper light, and would frequently tell the story of his discomfiture with great humour, yet his friends perceived he was deeply wounded—disgusted with the profession. To entice him to a second essay, some months afterwards, I observed to him, “That I was engaged as counsel in an affair of seduction. An unfortunate girl, the daughter of a poor but respectable widow, had been ruined by the promises of a base but wealthy man; that the facts would be well substantiated, and the whole effort of her counsel directed to the enhancement of damages: this depending principally upon the eloquence of her counsel, presented a fine opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents. I proposed to introduce him into the

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cause, and he might open it before a presiding Judge who possessed a taste for fine speaking and would justly appreciate the force and classical purity of his rhetoric.

His reply convinced me that he had taken a *final leave* of the "noisy bar."

D. "It may do for you, my friend, to pursue this sordid business—you can address the ignoble vulgar in their own Alsatia dialect. I remember the Bæotian Judge, and it is the last time I will ever attempt to batter down a mud wall with roses."

How long he remained at Charleston is not known. He removed to Walpole, where he opened an office, in which he continued but a short time.

It is related that he did not devote that attention to business which is indispensable in his profession; that he spoke but once in court, but then it was with great elegance.—Whether it was precisely at this period that he read prayers for an Episcopalian congregation at Claremont, I cannot ascertain: but they took umbrage at his playing whist and smoking cigars on Saturday evenings, and he officiated only four months.

He went to Boston in the spring of 1795, and endeavoured to establish a weekly paper, under the title of "THE TABLET." It commenced on

the 19th of May, and terminated on the 11th of August.

Disappointed in this speculation, he returned, after a detention occasioned by ill health, to Walpole, where he became the editor of "THE FARMER'S MUSEUM," printed by David Carlisle, for Thomas and Thomas, the proprietors. Here he commenced the essays entitled "THE LAY PREACHER," which laid the foundation of his literary reputation.

While he was thus engaged, his ambition prompted him to offer himself as a candidate for Congress, which is said to have produced an unpleasant paper war between him and Mr. —.

During a portion of the time that he resided here, he was an inmate in the family of the late Rev. Mr. Fessenden, the presbyterian clergyman of that village, and father of the poet of the same name. From Carlisle, his printer, we learn that he had no settled plan of study. Sometimes he confined himself for weeks to his books, and at other periods he would scarcely touch one of them. He wrote in the same manner; his printer being frequently employed on the commencement of an essay while the author was endeavouring to keep pace with him, by writing the conclusion. Yet few were ever more jealous of the integrity of their writings. On one occasion, when the hour of publication arrived, and the devils came to his office to cry



for "copy"—*that sound unmete to author's ear,*—they found Dennie surrounded by convivial companions, and enveloped in smoke. One of the party, the only person who was awake and capable of writing, caught up an unfinished LAY PREACHER and completed the sermon. This was considered as a gross injury by the author, whose irritation did not subside for some time. The *Gazette*, enriched by his pen, very soon obtained a wide circulation, and was, no doubt, very profitable to the proprietors; but the editor was far from being satisfied with their conduct towards him.

In the year 1799 he removed to Philadelphia, in consequence of being appointed private secretary in the office of Mr. Pickering, then Secretary of State. This station he held until the memorable dispute between the President and his Secretaries, in the following year. His first care in this new occupation was to devote the emoluments which it yielded to the liquidation of his debts in New Hampshire. "Of the small sums which you *may* have obtained," he says to a friend, 7th Feb. 1800, "I earnestly wish that the parts may be applied to satisfy those claims of Walpole creditors, which inattention disregarded, or my necessity urged to postpone. I had hopes from my long connexion at Walpole, that certain of those puny obligations would have been liquidated by *those* who

have been well benefited by my labours, and who, formerly, by the actual Sermons of a Lay Preacher, and lastly by the "mere whistle of a name," acquired and continue to acquire a very tolerable livelihood. The *friendship* of trade is proverbial. I have felt it. I remember the curious and convenient bankruptcy of —, and that two years were ignominiously lost in village editing, and book printing for the benefit of any one—except myself." He then proceeds to designate, minutely, different creditors, whose bills he wishes to obtain, as he will "*now* gladly and immediately pay men their own and with usury."

In February, 1800, he wrote to a friend—"my situation is agreeable. My employments are of the most liberal kind. My principal, Mr. P. is 'kind and true,' and my reasonable expectations as a political tyro and a lover of letters, are far from gloomy. I lingered in New Hampshire *rather* too long, but enough of mortal time is left, I hope, both for some fame and some fortune. Retaining my station, and following the fortunes of the Secretary, I meditate and shall shortly execute a literary scheme, not unmingled with a dash of politics, which, uniting the stipends of clerk and gazetteer, will place me on the rock of independence."

The scheme, which is here alluded to, was developed, about the end of the year, in a "Prospectus of a weekly paper, entitled THE

**PORT FOLIO."** This prospectus having been patiently matured was drawn up in the best style of the author. It indicated a familiar acquaintance with the best authors in the various departments of polite literature; it bespoke a lofty and independent mind, and was admirably calculated for the time when it appeared: a perilous period, when the "fountains of the great deep" of all social order seemed about to be broken up, by the wretched delusion of French philosophy.

The editor invited the co-operation of men of letters generally, the clergy were respectfully entreated, the gentlemen of the bar were eulogized and solicited, the ladies were courteously saluted, and the avarice of the dealer was awakened by the promise that he might learn something to his advantage, by calling at the Port Folio Office.

The paper commenced on the 3d of January 1801. It was the singular good fortune of the Editor to enrich his first number with several original letters from distinguished English statesmen and writers, and a nervous translation of one of the satires of Juvenal, by an American scholar, imparted to it a classical appearance, which excited the highest expectations.

The appearance of this magazine was hailed with enthusiasm by every class of readers, and the extensive patronage which was showered

upon him, would soon have placed the editor upon that rock which had long been the object of his aspirations. Unfortunately, however, he had not resolution to sacrifice to this honourable ambition, those habits which embittered the latter part of his life. This was a gay period in his career. Affluence was within his reach; he had several friends who were steady and inalienable; and his conversation was so pleasing, that he was the delight of every circle where wit and elegance were the passports of admission. Of Dennie we may repeat with great truth the remark of Dr. Johnson respecting Savage,—“it was his peculiar happiness that he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend.” But he resembled the poet in another respect; for prudence was not one of his virtues. Such a spirit of literature prevailed among his associates, and the young men generally of that period, that his table abounded with contributions for the *Port Folio*; and it may easily be imagined that a person of his habits would not require much persuasion to exchange the labour of composition for the easier employment of selection. Hence we find that in the whole course of his editorship of the *Port Folio*, including a period of twelve years, there are scarcely as many original essays from his pen. In his gayety he lost the author. From other journals he transferred the fruits of his

earlier labours, and imparted zest and novelty to his present publication by "Notes to Correspondents," and introductory remarks on his selections by which his writers were flattered and his readers amused. His cultivated taste and various reading in polite literature enabled him to produce a miscellany which obtained, immediately, a wide circulation; and he might have lived in the placid enjoyment of fame and fortune, if the finest gifts of nature could supply the want of prudence. To negligence and irregularity Dennie added, in the discharge of his occupation, a degree of bigotry and prejudice on certain topics, which was strangely contrasted with the virtues of his heart and the gentleness of his deportment. Though he spoke daggers in his lucubrations, he used none in his intercourse with society.

My narrative has insensibly reached a point where reflection cannot pause without pain, and it is not necessary, in this instance, to scan with severity the frailties of a man who was always a steadfast advocate of morality. To the concluding years of the life of this amiable, but unfortunate man, may be applied the language of Shenstone, who thus adverts to the loss of his friend Somerville: "I can now," says the poet, in a letter to one of his friends, "excuse all his foibles; impute them to age," [disease] "and to distress of circumstances: the last of these con-

siderations wrings my soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery."

Rabelais tells us a story of one Philpot Placut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead, as he was paying an old debt. Dennie was driven to the "misery" of Somerville by the flagitious dishonesty of a portion of his pretended patrons, who, while they perused his volumes with eager delight, remembered to forget that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." At the time of his demise, notwithstanding all his carelessness in pecuniary concerns, enough was due to Dennie to produce a decent competency; and yet he owed to friendship the last repose of his mortal remains! Such was the reward of the founder of the Port Folio—a man who was the first among us to adopt the pursuit of letters as a profession, and who had devoted all his life to the diffusion of elegant knowledge among his countrymen!

A few years after the death of Mr. Dennie a monument was placed over his grave, in the burial ground of St. Peter's church, in Philadelphia. The inscription upon it, from the pen of the present Chief Magistrate of the nation, is in these words:

**“ JOSEPH DENNIE,**  
**Born at Lexington, in Massachusetts,**  
**August 30th, 1768,**  
**Died at Philadelphia, January 7th, 1812.**  
**Endowed with talents, and qualified**  
**By Education,**

**To adorn the Senate and the Bar,**  
**But following the impulse of a genius,**  
**Formed for converse with the Muses,**  
**He devoted his life to the Literature of**  
**His country.**

**As Author of the Lay Preacher,**  
**And as first Editor of the Port Folio,**  
**He contributed to chasten the morals, and to**  
**Refine the taste of the nation.**  
**To an imagination lively, not licentious,**  
**A wit sportive, not wanton,**  
**And a heart without guile,**  
**He united a deep sensibility which**  
**Endeared him to his friends,**  
**And an ardent piety, which we humbly trust,**  
**Recommended him to his God;**  
**Those friends have erected**  
**This tribute of their affection**  
**To his memory.**

**To the mercies of that God is their resort**  
**For themselves and for him.**

**MDCCCXIX.”**

Of this epitaph it may be observed, that Boston, and not Lexington, was the natal soil of Dennie. In depicting the character of the individual, it may be added, that the partiality of friendship has rather freely employed the license of lapidary inscription.

The history of Mr. Dennie's literary career, if more minutely written, would show, that although he sometimes entertained great designs, he accomplished very little. He wrote a small volume of essays under the title of "THE LAY PREACHER," which excited attention by the novelty of their manner. But while they fascinated the multitude, more serious readers were displeased by their occasional levities, which came with an ill grace from a writer who professed an unbounded reverence for the Scriptures.

Another series of lucubrations, entitled "THE FARRAGO," was projected, but that, perhaps, did not extend beyond a dozen numbers. His editorial paragraphs may close this brief catalogue. These indicate a lively fancy, familiarity with the best English and French writers, and such an acquaintance with the Latin authors as is formed at college and preserved by occasional reference. Dennie never thought for himself. Breathing nothing but independence, he was a slave to authority, and hence he indulged himself in the use of quotations to a degree of pro-



digality which was sometimes wearisome and often ridiculous.

His pleasing manners and lively conversation will not soon be forgotten by his associates: but the spritely sallies of his pen, however they may have amused the giddy and the gay, are of too fleeting a character for durable fame. His biographer therefore labours under the disadvantage of having undertaken to depict the life of an author of high reputation, who has left little to sustain that character.

The limits of this volume must confine my selections from his writings to a few specimens, and I have preferred those which are characteristic and not so generally known as the speculations of "*The Lay Preacher*."

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## WOMAN.

Quid levius pluma? pulvus; quid pulvere?  
ventus;

Quid vento? mulier; quid muliere? nihil.

### TRANSLATED.

What is lighter than feathers? dust: than dust?  
the wind;

Than wind? a woman; but than her we naught  
can find.

SEDLEY.

## CHARACTER OF MEANDER.

DENNIE.

“One of those close students, who read plays for their improvement in law.”

TATTLER.

EVERY grave author, who apothegmatizes for the advancement of learning, vehemently insists on the propriety of superadding application to genius. Much has been written to expose the inefficacy of desultory studies, to lash the absurdity of procrastination, and to journalize the wanderings of the mind. But, deaf to the warning voice, there still exists a class of students, respectable for talents and taste, who, whenever Fickleness waves her wand, fly mercurially from a stated task, glance on many subjects, and improve none. Their judgment, pronouncing sentence against themselves, acknowledges the utility of fixation of thought, and marks, with mathematical precision, the point on which attention should rest; but their wayward imagination is eternally making curves. These literary, like other hypochondriacs, have their lucid intervals; and, at times, are fully apprized of the *fitting* nature of their application. They write

many a penitential annotation upon the chapter of their conduct, and frame many a goodly plan to be executed—*to-morrow*. The paroxysm soon returns, and every shackle which sturdy resolution has imposed, their ingenious indolence will undo.

It is unpleasant to see those whom nature and fortune have conspired to befriend, unqualified to gain the eminence of distinction by a habit of turning out of the path. With this censurable volatility are commonly united brilliant talents, a feeling heart, and a social temper. If their possessors would even *occasionally* adopt and practice those plodding precepts which dissipation prompts them to deride, they would discharge with applause every honourable duty of business and of life. But instead of turning the meanders of fancy into a regular channel, they are perpetually *roaming*, in quest of pleasure. They employ morning moments, not over learned tomes, but at ladies' toilets. After a night of revelry, amid the votaries of wine and loo, they will tell you of Charles Fox, who, like a man of *spunk*, at Brookes's, gambles, and drinks all night, and, like a man of genius, harangues in the house all day. They talk of their privileges; and swear, by the tails of the comets, which are the greatest ramblers in the universe, that they will be eccentric. The stile of *their* legislation is, "Be it enacted, by Fancy

and her favourites, that, whenever Genius chooses to cut capers, they be, and hereby are, allowable."

As I have a cordial aversion to the abstract modes of speculation, and choose, with Dr. Johnson, to *embody* opinions, I proceed to illustrate by two examples; one from the annals of literature, and one from real life.

The poet Shenstone was an officer of distinguished rank, in the regiment of careless bards. Every reader of his works will acknowledge, that they bear, "the image and superscription" of genius. But, still, he was an indolent, uneconomical, volatile character; who, lolling in the bowers of the Leasowes, wrote pastorals, and the School Mistress, when by a more vigorous exertion of his talents he might, perhaps, have eloquently charmed the coifed sergeants of Westminster-hall, or dictated new maxims of polity to an applauding House of Commons.

At the very moment he was wasting his time and his patrimony, in the erection of rural altars to Pan and the Dryads, he wrote "Economy," a poem, in which he chants the praise of the *cittish* virtues, and gravely advises his friends to devote at least a *rainy* day to worldly prudence. In this production are some thoughts suggested, one may venture to affirm, by Shenstone's experience, pertinent to the subject of this essay. The tolerating reader will

pardon their insertion. Travellers over a dusty desert rejoice at the sight of verdure; and, disgusted by the insipidity of a meagre Farrago its readers may exult to view a quotation.

“When Fancy’s vivid spark impels the soul  
To scorn *quotidian scenes*, to spurn the bliss  
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose  
This fatal frenzy? In what lonely vale  
Of balmy medicine’s various field aspires  
The blest refrigerant? vain, most vain the hope  
Of future fame, this *orgasm* uncontrol’d.”

Who, but the acquaintance of genius and its inconsistencies, could suppose, that one, who knew so well the road to fame, should linger at “caravansaries of rest” by the way? That he, who advises “to collect the dissipated mind, to shorten the train of wild ideas, and to indulge no expense, but what is legitimated by economy,” should be desultory in his application, and prodigal of his estate?

I had collected thus much of my weekly oblation to the public, when, instead of proceeding, as in duty bound, I forgot my own sermon, and—sauntered away. Indolence, deriding my efforts, snatched my pen, overturned my inkstand, and bade me go and “clip the wings of Time” with a friend. I obeyed, and visited Meander. He is à juvenile neighbour of mine, placed by

his friends, with a view to the profession of the law, in the office of an eminent advocate. The character of Meander is so various, that it almost precludes delineation. Were Sterne summoned to describe him, the eccentric wit would quote his Tristram Shandy, and affirm that Meander was a mercurial sublimated creature; heteroclite in all his declensions. He has so much of the wildness of the fifth Henry in his composition, that were I not versed in his pedigree, I should suppose he descended in a right line from that prince. His ambitious projects, like the birds of Milton, tower up to heaven's gate, and he starts as many schemes as a visionary projector. So entirely devoted is he to the cultivation of the Belles Lettres, that his graver moments, instead of being dedicated to Blackstone and Buller, are given to Shakspeare and Sterne. He reads plays when he should be filling writs, and the other day, attempting to draw a deed, instead of "Know all men by these presents," he scribbled a simile from Spenser. Notwithstanding his enthusiastic fondness for the study of polite literature, even from that he frequently flies off in a tangent; and the charms of the ladies and of loo full often cause him to forget that there is a poet or novelist in our language. The *ignis fatuus* of his fervid imagination is continually dancing before him, and leads him many a fantastic, weary step, "over bog and through briar."—

Nothing can be more sanguine than his plans; study and of steadiness; and nothing more laud than their execution. When I entered my lodgings a domestic informed me that Meander was still in bed, having sat up all night with a tavern party of friends. The servant, continuing his narration, added, that "his master tallied much of one Churchill, and at the hour of retiring suddenly exclaimed,

'Wound up at twelve at noon your clock goes right. Mine better goes wound up at twelve at night.'

I smiled at these traits of my friend's character, and as I well knew that his slender frame was exhausted by the labours of the night in playing the pasteboard play, vociferating jokes and anthems, and swallowing bumpers in rapid succession, I therefore suffered him to remain undisturbed. Unwilling, however, to lose the amusement which was the object of my visit, I consoled myself for the absence of my friend by surveying his apartment, the furniture of which would give one an idea of Meander's character without a personal acquaintance. On a small table, lay several of his favourite authors, in the confusion of carelessness. Among others were noted Shakspeare, Congreve's comedies, Imitations of the Younger Littleton, Mrs. Behn's novels, Fielding's Tom Jones, and a mount of pamphlets, composed of magazines and plays.

In the pigeon-holes of a desk, I saw a number of loose bits of paper. These puzzled me sadly, I thought, at first, they contained arcana of importance, and compared them to the Sybilline leaves of antiquity. But I must own that I was a little chagrined, when I discovered that they were only that species of gambling composition which I should call *loo-assignats*, but which, in plainer phrase, are denominated *checks*. On a low window-seat, in a dark corner, lay a most ponderous folio, over which a diligent spider had woven a web of such size and intricacy, that the insect must, of necessity, have been months in spinning it. Curiosity prompted me to brush away this cobweb covering, and examine the book it concealed. The reader may easily imagine the state of my risibles, when I found the volume entitled "An Abridgment of the Law, by Matthew Bacon." A drawer, left partly open, revealed to view a bundle of manuscripts, among which I found a diary kept by my friend, some parts of which so completely illustrated his character, that I proposed, with a few transcripts from it, to terminate this essay. But the narrowness of my limits forbids, and the journal of Meander, the annals of volatility, must be postponed. They shall form the subject of my next lucubration.



## MEANDER'S JOURNAL.

### DENNIE.

MEN of tenacious memory, who retain information a week old, may recollect, in my last number, a portrait of Meander—

“ A man so various, that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;  
Who, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was poet, painter, lover, and buffoon ;  
Then all for roving, gambling, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.”

Agreeably to a promissory note, given in a preceding essay, I now publish, from the diary of this fantastic wight, a selection, which, if judiciously improved, may sober giddy genius, may fix the volatile, and stimulate even loungers.

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### MEANDER'S JOURNAL.

*April 8. Monday.*—Having lately quaffed plenteous draughts of the stream of dissipation, I determine to bridle my fancy, to practise self-denial, to live soberly, and to study with ardour.

That I may, with ease, discharge the various duties of the day, I propose that "Strutting Chanticleer," and myself, should unroost at the same hour. With this resolve, I couple a determination to study law with plodding diligence, and to make my profession and a course of history my capital objects.

*Memorandum.*—Belles Lettres must be considered a subaltern pursuit. If I rise at the dawn, and study jurisprudence till noon, I shall have the satisfaction to reflect that I have discharged my *legal* duty for the day. This course, duly persisted in, will probably make me something more than a tyro in the language of the law. If I pore over my folios with the diligence I propose, I shall acquire, in Blackstone's phrase, such a legal apprehension, that the obscurities, which at present confound me, will vanish, and my journey through the *wilderness* of law will, peradventure, become delectable.

*Tuesday.*—Overslept myself—did not rise till nine. Dressed and went out, intending to go to the office; but as the morning was uncommonly beautiful, I recollected an aphorism of Doctor Cheyne's, that exercise should form part of a student's religion. Accordingly I rambled through the woods for two hours. The magic of rural scenes diverted Fancy, who, on my return to the office, I wished to retire, that her elder sister Judgment might have an opportunity

to hold a conference with the sage Blackstone: but the sportive slut remained, dancing about, and I found my spirits so agitated, that, to calm them, I took up a volume of plays, and read two acts in Centlivre's *Busy Body*.

*Afternoon, 2 o'clock.*—Took up a folio, and began to read a British statute; meanwhile, I received a billet, importing that a couple of my college cronies were at a neighbouring inn, who wished me to make one of a select party. I complied. The sacrifices to Mercury and Bacchus wore away the night, and it was day before I retired to the land of drowsyhead, as Thomson quaintly expresses it.

*Wednesday.*—Rose at ten—sauntered to the office, and gaped over my book. Low spirits and a dull morning had raised such a fog around my brain, that I could hardly discern a sentiment. Opened a “dissertation on memory”—read till my own failed. I then threw away my book, and threw myself on the bed; I can't tell how long I remained there; but somebody shaking me by the shoulder, I opened my eyes and saw—the maid, who came to inform me it was 8 o'clock *in the evening*, and that coffee was ready.

*Thursday.*—Went out at seven, with a determination to attend to business; thought I might venture to call at a friend's house—on my entrance saw a brace of beauties, whose smiles were so animating that they detained me, “charmed

by witchery of eyes," till noon. I returned to my lodgings, and finding my spirits too sublimated for serious study, I beguiled the remainder of the afternoon by writing a sonnet to Laura.

*Evening.*—Lounged to my book-shelf, with an intent to open Blackstone, but made a mistake, and took down a volume of Hume's History of England. My attention became quite engrossed by his narrative of the reign of Henry I., a versatile, brilliant genius, who blended, in one bright assemblage, ambition, prudence, eloquence, and enterprise; and who received and merited what I think the most glorious of all titles—that of Beauclerc, or the polite scholar. The formidable folios, which stood before me, seemed frowningly to ask, why I did not link to my ambition that prudence which formed part of Henry's fame? The remorseful blush of a moment tinged my cheek, and I boldly grasped a *reporter*; but straightway recollecting that I had recently supped, and that, after a full meal, application is pernicious to health, I adjourned the cause Prudence *versus* Meander, till morning.

*Friday.*—Rose at the dawn, which is the first time I have complied with my resolution of unroosting with the cock. "Projecting many things but accomplishing none," is the motto to my coat of arms. Began my studies, noting, with nice

care, the curious distinction in law, between general and special *Tail*; at length I grew weary of my task, and thought, with Shakspeare's Horatio, that " 'twere considering too curiously to consider thus." Began to chat with my companions. We are, when indolent, ever advocates for relaxation; but whether an attorney's office is the place where idling should be tolerated is a question which I do not wish to determine in the negative. Finished my morning studies with "Hafen Slawkenbergius's tenth decade."

*Afternoon.*—Did *nothing* very busily till four. Seized with a lethargic yawn which lasted till seven, when a dish of coffee restored animation, and, on the entrance of a friend, fell into general conversation—made a transition to the scenes of our boyish days, and, till midnight, employed memory, in conjuring up to view the shades of our departed joys.

*Saturday.*—Slept but little last night. My imagination was so busy in castle-building, that she would not repose. Dreamed that Lord Coke threw his "Institute" at me. Rose at nine—looked abroad, and the atmosphere being dusky, and my spirits absent on furlough, felt unqualified for reading. For several days there has been a succession of gloomy skies. The best writers affirm that such weather is unfriendly to mental labour. The poet says

“ While these dull fogs invade the head,  
Memory minds not what is read.”

—Took up a magazine, which I carefully skimmed, but obtained no cream. Cracked, in the Dean of St. Patrick's phrase, a rotten nut, which cost me a tooth and repaid me with nothing but a worm.—Breakfasted; reflected on the occurrences of the week. In the drama of my life, Procrastination and Indolence are the principal actors. My resolutions flag, and my studies languish. I must strive to check the irregular sallies of fancy. I never shall be useful to others, till I have a better command of myself. Surely one abiding in the bowers of ease may improve, if industry be not wanting. Alfred could read and write eight hours every day, though he fought fifty-six pitched battles and rescued a kingdom; and Chatterton, the ill-fated boyish bard, composed, though cramped by penury, poems of more invention than many a work which has been kept nine years, and published at a period of the ripest maturity. When I fly from business, let ambition, therefore, *think on and practise these things*. I determine, *next week*, to effect an entire revolution in my conduct, to form a new plan of study, and to adhere to it with pertinacity. As this week is on the eve of expiration, it would be superfluous to sit down to serious business. I therefore amused myself by dipping

into Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination;" read till five, visited a friend, and conversed with him till midnight; conversation turned on *propriety of conduct*, for which I was a strenuous advocate. \* \* \* \* \*

Here the journal of Meander was abruptly closed. I was curious to learn in what manner he employed his week of reformation. On the ensuing Monday he grew weary of his books; instead of mounting Pegasus, he actually strode a hack-horse, of mere mortal mould, and, in quest of diversion, commenced a journey. He was accompanied, not by the muses, but by a party of jocund travellers; and, prior to my friend's departure, the last words he was heard to say, or rather *roar*, were the burthen of a well-known Anacreontic, "*Dull thinking will make a man crazy.*"

The character and the journal of Meander scarcely need a commentary. There shall be none. I was not born in Holland, and only Dutchmen are qualified to write notes. But I will make an apostrophe.

Ye tribe of Mercurialists! in the name of prudence, avoid eccentricity; expand not your *fluttering* pinions; trudge the foot-way path of life; dethrone Fancy, and crown Common Sense. Let each one seek and fulfil his daily task; "one to his farm and another to his merchandise."

## ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

DENNIE.

" One who had gained a princely store,  
By cheating master, king, and poor,  
Dared cry aloud ' the land must sink  
For all its fraud,' and whom d'ye think  
The sermonizing rascal chid ?

—*A glover that sold lamb for kid.*"

MANDEVILLE.

AMONG the high privileges which we digressive writers enjoy, may be reckoned that which Don Quixote gave his horse—to choose a path, and pursue it at pleasure. In another point there is an affinity between us and that errant steed, so renowned in the volumes of Cervantic chivalry. When we begin an excursion, the Lord only knows how it will be prosecuted, or where it will end. Whim and caprice being commonly our guides, and those personages never keeping in their almanac a list of stages, we are sometimes most sadly benighted. As this is my day for similitudes, I stop not here; having so modestly compared myself and other ramblers to a quadruped, I will descend still lower into " the valley of humiliation," and liken them to an insect, which is a spider.—

L



Though their stock is confessedly small, they have the art of drawing out a most extended texture. Thus an essayist, conscious of the scantiness of his stores, handles a topic, as a farmer's wife manages her annual pound of bohea, in such a manner as to make it last.

When I began my second speculation with some general remarks on the utility of an alliance between application and genius, I little thought that I should quit my sober task, and commence character painter. When fancy handed me a pencil and bade me sketch a likeness of Meander, I had no design to ransack his room or transcribe his diary: and lastly, when the journal was published, I tremblingly thought I had said too much, and dreaded lest my readers should complain that they were surfeited by the Farrago. But they who are even tinged with the metaphysical doctrine of ideas flowing in a train, will not be confounded, though they see one speculation rising from another, when I narrate the following incident. A friend, who had attentively gazed at the portrait of Meander, saw me the day after its exhibition. So, Mr. Delineator, cries he, must you become a dauber in caricature? One so fond of the zig-zag walk in life as you, is hardly entitled to ridicule deviation in another. I blushed; and the suffusion, like Corporal Trim's bow, spoke as plainly as a blush could speak, "my man of remark, you

are perfectly sage in your opinion." This trivial circumstance led me to reflect, first on my own inconsistency, and next on that of others. By exposing the rambles of genius, I virtually made proclamation for Dissipation to depart, but she taxed me with issuing contradictory orders, and pertinently asked how she could go into exile, when I insisted on her keeping me company? I then looked on my neighbours. Their characters were similar to mine, and they were not the uniform of regularity more than myself. Celia, who murders reputations as "butcher felleth ox," pronounced, t'other day, at a tea-table, a most bitter invective against scandal, though five minutes before she had invented a tale of calumny against her friend. Vinoso, whose face is as red-lettered as the court calendar, and who makes his Virginia fence at nine in the morning, applauds a very heavy excise on distilled spirits, and zealously damns every drunkard in the nation. Bobbin, the haberdasher, who, in vending a row of pins, defrauds the heedless customer of four, and who, when furnishing a chamber-maid with a set of apron-strings, pilfers from her a portion of the tape, exclaims against a vintner for adulterating his liquors, and wittily wonders that he can adopt the christian scheme so far as to baptize even his wine. Messalina, whose chastity is as valiant as a holiday captain, because no enemy is at

hand, frowns at the forwardness of young flirts; and a decayed maiden, "far gone in her wane, Sir" who has been but twenty these ten years, and who has more wrinkles on her forehead than dimples on her chin, even she scorns the vestal sisterhood, and turns up her nose at the staleness of antiquated virginity.

In literature, as well as in life, we may recognize this propensity. Authors are noted for inconsistency. Instances might be selected from almost every writer in our language. Pope, in conjunction with Arbuthnot and Swift, composed a satirical treatise, the design of which was to lash his poetical brethren for attempting to soar, when their wings only served them to sink. Yet Pope, after some fine panegyrical verses upon Lord Mansfield, fell from a noble height of poetry to the very bottom of the bathos, by concluding his eulogy with the following feeble lines:

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,  
So known, so honoured in the house of lords."

Surely this was as risible a couplet of anticlimax as the distich the bard ridicules by merely quoting it:

"Thou Dalhousy, the great god of war,  
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar."

In the works of Swift, who omits no opportu-

nity of damning dulness, may be found some compositions, where the disappointed reader, instead of being dazzled with the gleam of fancy, sorrowing sees nothing but the vapid insipidity of a poet laureate's ode, and eagerly inquires if it be upon record that Swift ever studied the sing-song of Cibber. Knox, a classic writer, censures, in one of his essays the bombastic style; yet were his own effusions arraigned in the court of criticism, they would sometimes be found guilty of turgidity. This critic, who, heated in the glowing forge of zeal, gives Gibbon to the devil and his writings to Lethe, condemns that elegant historian for superabundance of epithet, though a reader of Knox would suppose that the favourite page of this schoolmaster's grammar was that which contained the declension and variation of *adjectives*. Dr. Beattie, in the warmth of his wishes to promote social, benevolent, affections, almost hates the man who does not practise philanthropy. Rocked in the cradle of the kirk, and implicitly believing all that the nurse and priest had taught him, this zealot declaims, in terms so acrimonious, against the sceptics of the age, that one is led to think his "milk of human kindness" had become sour by the means he employed to preserve it.

Juvenal, the ancient satirist, in one of his virulent attacks on the reigning Roman follies, avers that the most profligate of the senate were

invariably strenuous advocates for a revival and execution of the obsolete rigid laws against debauchery. The indignant poet declares that if such glaring inconsistencies continue, none could be astonished should Clodius commence railer against liberties, and Cataline be first to impeach a conspirator. Were a namesake of this bard to arise, I should tremble for the sect of modern *inconsistent*s. He might brandish the lance of satire against such characters with more justice, though perhaps with less dexterity than his classic predecessor. The field of foibles and follies is so fully ripe, that some one should put in the sickle. In this field appears, and will again appear, a labourer, who, though awkward, may be useful, and who will be "worthy of his hire," if he cut up nothing but tares.

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### EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOILEAU.

Ah! Climene, I have lost my heart,  
 That I'm in love, alas! is true—  
 This news with anger makes you start;—  
 Climene, I'm not in love with you!

## THE VIRGINIA ADVERTISEMENT.

DENNIE.

IN a former Number, of these my lounging speculations, I attempted to make myself merry with a certain advertisement purporting to be the original work of Mr. *Jacob Gideon*, who endeavoured in despite of wry faces, to make his *Algerine Bitters* palatable to my loving countrymen. As, in the opinion of divers of the New-England sages, I was deemed guilty of a design to decry the learning of the *North*, when I smiled at the fashionable diction of Mr. Gideon, in order to prove the whiteness of my innocence, and to convince the United States, that I am entirely impartial, I have, for a long time, directed my eyes to the *South*. While thus inquisitive, the postman brought me, one morning, a newspaper, denominated "*The Virginia Express*," a gazette, published at Fredericksburg, no mean city in the Ancient Dominion. Among eloquent descriptions of the drapery and depravity of fugitive slaves, and among other invaluable papers, composed with all the precision and purity of Mr. Jefferson himself, I found the following article, which, with a tremulous solicitude, lest some particle of its bugle ornaments

should be rubbed off, like the meal on the wing of the gorgeous butterfly, I now transfer to my paper, not without a lively hope that there it may be carefully preserved, like my aunt Dinah's imperfect child, who sprawls in a brandy bottle, stuck over the chimney-piece, or like the pictures of Spread Eagles, and of Indian Queens, which so delightfully dangle from every sign-post, to the eternal glory of America.

### STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF!

On Sunday morning last, the 3d inst. my Horse, Saddle and Bridle were taken from me by a man who said he was going to Col. Selden's and should return after *dinner, of the following description, viz.* A young man about 21 or 22 years of age, black hair short behind, but on the front of his head rather bushy and spreading, dark complexion, thin visage, *looks well and appears genteel*; his nose is long rather inclining upwards, about six feet high; his dress as follows; a light coloured drab great coat the sleeves appear to reach his *nuckles*, light coloured corduroy pantaloons, *which button up pretty high*, flat toed boots, a yellow and red striped handkerchief about his neck and face, *which touched his chin*, he also had a black cane, *which I believe contained a sword, painted apparently red, among the black or probably red streaks about the joints of the cane.* He never went to col. Selden's but in about half an hour after he got the horse, was seen riding up to *Richmond*

in a gallop thro' the street bending his course upwards. —Description of the horse, saddle and bridle, a small *chunky* bay horse, about 4 feet 4 or 5 inches high, white face, his mane a *few months since was cut close, but now considerably grown out*, and stands erect, his tail bobbed a little, his shoes are lately worn off, and his hoofs ragged, the front one longer and *coarser* than the others, with some old nails remaining in the edges, his legs rather *shaggy and dirty*, not having been trimmed since I had him, his left hind foot white, and his hinder hoofs I think are white, there are on the top of his back, under the front of the saddle, two large spots where the hair has been rubbed off on each side, now smooth, with new short hair, very perceivable, also *feint marks of being galled by going in a chair, perceivable on his breast where the harness rests in pulling, and is the same little horse I purchased of Joe Childress in Richmond.* When he gallops he lifts his feet very high and throws them down very hard and is a *coarse gaited horse*. The saddle and bridle are nearly new, having been used about three months; the edges of the saddle pad *bound all round with red plush* and the buckles of the stirrup leathers are visible by the shortness of the saddle skirts, which are round; the bridle is a curb bit, single reins, and the curb which is annexed to the bit, is tied on at one end with a *piece of twine string close in a hard knot*, and the throat latch has a knot in it about 5 or 6 inches from the buckle which is square; the buckles on the bridle *roundish and rather fluted*, not



quite *so large as a dollar* ; the head *stall done around with white and green or yellow and red ferretting*, I will give thirty dollars if the thief can be brought to justice and *twenty dollars for my horse, saddle and bridle*

W. B——.

Rocketts Landing, (Rich.) Feb. 11, 1805.

The exordium of this elegant harangue, pronounced before the Public by one of the most eloquent of the Southern Ciceroni, commences in a style of the highest animation, with the *O exclamantis* of an impassioned Roman. After adjuring the Virginians to arrest a felon, who, as it appears from the context, is on full gallop either *from* or *to* Justice, Mr. B——, conformably to the rules of narration, prescribed by Quintilian and others, informs us that his horse, saddle and bridle, have been purloined from him by a man who announced his intention to visit Col. Selden, and return after dinner, of the following description viz. a young man about 21 or 22 years of age, black hair short behind, but on the front of his head rather bushy and spreading, dark complexion, thin visage, who looks well, and appears genteel. This repast, however odd it may appear to an English beef eater, or to a Yankee, with a relish for nothing but molasses, is by no means unprecedented or rare,

Homo homini Lupus, says Philosophy. "In Life's busy day, *man of man makes a prey*," says the song. We are all shark and fry, says the sailor. How common is it for an ardent lover to exclaim, that he *devoured his mistress, with kisses*; and here, by way of digression, sanctioned by my masters SWIFT and STERNE, I cannot help adding from my own very brief, and infrequent experience, in a life as remarkable for continence, as that of any of the Loungers, that the taste of the aforesaid female flesh, heightened with the poignant sauce of kisses, is a banquet of a more delicious character, than any that a Southern board could furnish though crowned daily with a young *man*, about 21 or 22 years of age. But, to return from these images, which so often *seduce* me, in the ardour of my philanthropy, I cannot help vindicating the Virginians for their choice of butcher's meat for their table. Solid food of this description will unquestionably invigorate the Southern system, and increase the literary and martial *energies* of many, who hitherto accustomed to feed upon nothing but *must* and *mustees*, exhibit the mournful spectacle not only of a puny body, but a vitiated mind. A young man, if properly dished up, and garnished with rice, after the Arabian, Algerine, and American manner, cannot fail to please the most fastidious palate, and by Whigs and Republicans, who can swallow any thing, churches

and kingdoms not excepted, and who delight to be present at every human sacrifice, must be gobbled up with peculiar avidity. Dean Swift, in one of his most affectionate epistles to the Irish, a polite and humane people, recommends to every tender parent, the eating of infants, as a delicacy unrivalled in all the bills of fare of Apicius. Now if, according to the opinion of this gravest of philosophers, and most compassionate of mankind, the flesh of a baby is so delicious a morsel, a *fortiori* as we have learned in the schools, the flesh of a youth, especially if fattened by the acorns of Virginia, must transcend that of the finest *wild* boar that ever grunted in the woods of Westphalia. Nor is the case in any degree peculiar of a young man, thus caught and eaten by Southern epicures. Many a credulous and inexperienced stripling, *wandering through the wilderness of this world*, is first captivated and then preyed upon by some insidious prowler. Not only the Devil, but many a rascal, less sooty, goes about, seeking whom he may devour; and, in the course of my own experience, in this my unrivalled country, I can remember instances of several young men, who from brains, however scanty, or from bones, however bare, have supplied the hungry with many a hearty meal. The tender youth is often killed outright, by the merciful policy of his countrymen, or the judicious care

of his relations; and I have long since been perfectly astonished that the Proprietors of the various Hotels in this city, do not advertise the body of a fine young man, just ready to be cut up, as they advertise Oysters, Terrapins, and fresh Green Turtle.

In his inimitably accurate history of this memorable transaction, Mr. B——, with the accuracy of a professed draughts-man, or special pleader, takes care to inform us, that the dinner was of the following description, *to wit*, a young man, &c. Had it not been for this legal nicety and precision of phrase, we might have imagined this Virginia banquet, to which the hospitality or officiousness of Mr. B——, invited us, consisted of Hams, Toddy, Julep, and other Southern dainties. But we are told, with all the quaintness of a declaration, that the dinner table was not so furnished; and, for aught that at present appears to the contrary, was composed of nothing but the joints, and ribs, the surloin, and briskets of this unhappy young man.

We now come to the description of the person and garb of this romantic youth, thus served up by the cooks of Virginia. His nose is *long*, quoth Mr. B——, and of this gentleman's choice selection of epithets, and general accuracy of expression, we have a shining proof, in the phrases which follow. For this *lengthy* nose "rather *inclines upwards, about six feet high.*"

M

Gentle reader, through many a winter and witching night, we have sate up, reading Rabelais, and staring at his Giants. With ten of the decades of Hafen Slawkenbergius, we have beguiled the tedium of many a summer's day. We have visited with STERNE, the *Promontory of noses*, and gazed with the lively terrors of Sancho, at the portentous nozzle of Thomas Cecial, in Don Quixote. But never till now have we read of a *six foot nose*. *Dii boni, nova forma nasi*, such a nose would, indeed, delight the bandy legged drummer and the trumpeter's wife.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est ac tuba.

Such a nose would excite new commotions throughout all Strasburg, would keep Frankfort in a continual ferment, would rouse from their cells the penitentiaries of the third order of St. Francis, and perpetuate the sickness of the Abbess of Quedlingberg, and all her nuns.

Nor is the drapery of this extraordinary personage less fancifully described. The sleeves of his coat actually reach his *Nuckles* or rather *Knuckles*, according to the obsolete orthography of Mess. Dilworth and Dyche, philosophers of the eighteenth century. His pantaloons *button up pretty high*, probably to keep them from falling, and exposing the nakedness of Virginia.

His boots are flat toed, like those of a widgeon, or duck, and like a Connecticut horse-jockey he wears a "*yellow and striped* handkerchief about his neck and face," which, by the by, very anatomically "*touch his chin.*" Moreover, he flourishes "*a black cane,*" like the rod of a magician, containing, as Mr. B—— believes, a sword painted *apparently red* among the black, or probably red *streaks* about the joints of the cane. This sentence we shall not presume to analyze, or explain: but proceed to the next paragraph, where we learn, with the most heart-felt satisfaction, that this eccentric equestrian with a nose taller than ourselves, and whom, with all that pity which becomes us as men and Christians, we have seen on Col. Selden's table and carved and carbonadoed by Mr. B—— himself, "*never went to Col. Selden's,* but in about half-an-hour after he got the horse *was seen riding up to Richmond in a gallop* through the street *bending his course upwards.* Now by all the powers of good luck, this romantic adventurer, this\* "*living dead man*" has been neither taken, nor butchered, nor devoured. To escape so rueful a catastrophe, he very wisely and very carelessly of any nice distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, catches the first Virginia pony he can find. He *rides up to Richmond in a gallop* with all that speed which imports a man flying

\* Shakspeare.

from slaughter. He hurries, with death in his rear, through the streets, and very naturally for one, who is eager to shun a grave, he *bends his course upwards*. He rejoices *superasque evadere ad auras*. He hurries from the kitchen and table with the same alacrity that urged Gil Blas to escape from the cavern and captain Rolando. In the language of modern dramatists, "he is off in a canter." In the language of an old Roman, "*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*." In the language of MILTON, with *some modern interpolations*, but not by Bentley,

————— up he sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 ————— At last his sail-broad vans,  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Of *Richmond* spurns the ground, thence many a  
     league,  
 As in a cloudy chair *ascending rides*,  
 Audacious. Nigh foundered on he fares  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot  
 Half flying; behoves him now both *spur and steed*.  
 As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,  
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold. So eagerly *our youth*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense,  
or rare,  
On Bryan's horse pursues his anxious way  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Having proceeded in this enchanting history until we have arrived at the famous chapter, containing a "description of the horse, saddle and bridle," the like not to be paralleled in any of the Romances of Chivalry, however famous for delineating palfreys and their garniture, we here respite our own weariness and that of our reader, and defer the rest of our remarks until our next lucubration.

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IN my last I exhibited a sort of wood-cut of a Virginia knight and squire. But I could not find room, even in a corner of the piece, to introduce the picture of that prancing palfrey which makes so gallant a show in their adventures. This omission it is now my business to supply. GOLDSMITH assures us that in an old romance, a certain knight-errant and his horse contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight, but, in cases of extraordinary despatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. I am determined to rival this redoubtable cavalier, and, as the



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reader will perceive in the sequel, have as much strength as he to support a steed.

BUTLER, in a poem, which will not soon be forgotten by cavaliers, has very minutely described the *points* of that miserable jade which bore Sir Samuel Luke to the civil wars. The wit of CERVANTES has immortalized Rozinante, and in the poetical journal of the gay Charles Cotton he has not omitted to record the excellences of a certain creature, though not a zebra, which bore him over the mountains of Wales. But neither the author of Hudibras, nor the biographer of Don Quixote, nor the burlesquer of Virgil has surpassed in picturesque description our accurate advertiser from Virginia. As in the most delightful of romances, all our attention is awakened by the titles of its chapters, "The adventure of the windmill," "The stupendous combat with the sheep," "The parliament of death," and "The encounter with the lions," so, we doubt not, after ages will peruse, with a more than ordinary degree of curiosity and rapture, that section of this enchanting history which is intitled,

*A description of the horse, saddle, and bridle.*

His strutting ribs on both sides showed  
Like furrows he himself had ploughed.

This sprightly courser, to a list of whose per-

fections we are now summoned to attend, is, in fact, notwithstanding the reader has been prepared to consider the beast as another Bucephalus, "a small *chunky* bay horse, about four feet, four or five inches high." We lament that the first feature of this description is rather obscure. When we read of a small bay horse, about four feet four or five inches high, we have a most accurate perception of a Virginia pony. The idea is vivid as a rainbow, clear as the sun, and "round as the shield of my fathers." We instantly figure to ourselves a horse in miniature, a tiny tit, on whose gentle back we might, in spite of all our equestrian terrors, mount securely, and ride undauntedly over all the rough roads, and through all the cursed ruts of Virginia, or any other mountainous region. Animated by so pleasing a picture, we sigh for the possession of such a pacing pony, by whose benignant aid we might amble along, indulge all the ease of a Lounger, rouse our torpid faculties by the stimulus of pure air and rural scenery, and, when flight was necessary, gallop away from Care and his myrmidons! But the brightness of the dazzling vision is completely overshadowed by a black mist, engendered by all the murky powers of Obscurity and Confusion and Night. The luckless epithet *chunky*, like a deformed urchin in the dreams of the nightmare, comes cowering over the disturbed fancy.

Our view of the little pony in the back-ground becomes indistinct, and we awake from our trance, as the prophets used sometimes to awaken from theirs, with our thoughts *sore troubled*.

The word *chunky*, however current in the speech or writings of Indian scholars, is so little to our taste, that we would not use it, if we might receive "a bay horse" in reward for our pains. Independently of our scepticism, respecting the legitimacy of this word, it is unfortunately but ill adapted to represent the meaning of the advertiser. We read it is true, and with staring eyes, of a *chunky* horse; but when we have finished the paragraph, we find ourselves inquiring whether this horse is a war-horse, like Job's, or a race-horse, like the famous Eclipse, or a dray-horse, like alderman Mash-tub's, or "a genteel and agreeable horse," like those depicted by Geoffry Gambado. Of our interrogatories there is no end. We throw down the paper. We run to the barn, we run to the stable, we call the ostlers, we catch each nimble jockey by the sleeve, and implore them in the name of Ignorance to tell us whether such a horse be square or round; whether he flies, like Pegasus, or stumbles, like dame Dobbins's blundering mare.

We are now informed of a very wonderful circumstance in natural history, that the mane of this stupendous steed, a few months since, was

cut close, but now considerably grown out, and stands erect. We are unalterably of opinion that a memoir, respecting this phenomenon, ought to be drawn up by the Virginia philosopher, that the curiosity of the learned world might be more fully gratified concerning all the particulars of this *Lusus Naturæ*.

We next arrive, but not without streaming eyes, at a very melancholy description in this unparalleled advertisement. For Mr. B. in that plaintive and tender tone which graces the subject, and which would do honour to that unfortunate peasant in Sterne, who so pathetically bewailed his dead ass, proceeds to declare that the shoes of his steed "are lately worn off and his hoofs ragged; the front one longer and *coarser* than the others, with some old nails remaining in the edges, his legs rather shaggy and dirty, not having been trimmed since I had him." We defy a compassionate man to peruse this paragraph without the rising sigh, and the starting tear. Nothing can be more forlorn than the appearance of this neglected and maltreated steed. "Babylon in ruins is not a more mournful spectacle." We feel inclined to write an Elegy, or compose an entire chapter of Lamentations, when we reflect upon the sinister fate of this *chunky* horse. Without shoes, without boots, and without stockings, squalid in his whole attire, no tokens of his former strength

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and splendor remaining, except a few old nails, he stands a melancholy monument of human ingratitude; and we cannot help sorrowing for those gloomy vicissitudes of fortune incident both to sovereigns and steeds.

With a frankness, however, which we could scarcely expect, Mr. B. satisfactorily explains, in part, the cause of this dismal plight of his injured pony. It seems he has not been trimmed since he came into Mr. B.'s possession. Thus neglected, who would not make as sorry a figure? Let us imagine Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Edward the Black Prince, or Louis the Fourteenth, uncombed, unwashed, untrimmed, "unhousel'd and unaneal'd" and how will their towering pride dwindle! Dazzling as their forms may appear, when varnished by magnificence, yet the imposing air and the sovereign state will be lost, if the robes of royalty, like the hoofs of this horse, are suffered to become ragged.

Among other whimsical peculiarities of this extraordinary animal, we learn that not only his left hind foot is white, but his hinder hoofs are white. This is what is termed, in the schools, an identical proposition, and Mr. B., who, from the judicious employment of the phrase, "*I think*," convinces us that his powers of perception and apprehension are singularly acute,

leaves us admiring him, not less as a logician, than as a painter and a poet.

The case of this pitiful palfrey appears to be singularly deplorable. He is not only ragged, and shaggy, and dirty, and forlorn; but, like a disabled soldier, has been grievously wounded. Two large spots attest that he has been a very severe sufferer, either in some charge or some retreat; and although his owner makes a "*feint*" to amuse our apprehension, it is very evident that the undaunted breast of this *chunky* charger has been galled not less than the rear of Sir Peter Parker in the attack on Sullivan's Island, or the rear of the duke of York's army, in the campaign of 1794.

But to relieve the humane reader from those agonizing sensations, which the contemplation of such complicated wretchedness must excite, the scene is now suddenly changed to the familiar and the playful. In the judicious use of the figure contrast, Mr. B. is not inferior to OVID himself. After we have been tortured with a doleful recital of the evils, moral and physical, which *begirt* this ill-starred steed, after the passions of pity and terror have been fully roused and fairly exhausted, Mr. B. kindly steps in to the aid of our fainting nature, with a gay smile and a jocund note, and diverts our imagination by that airy assertion, that this is the same little horse he purchased of Joe Childress in Rich-

mond. My paragon of a predecessor, ADDISON, in his elegant criticism upon the ballad of CHASE, mentions it as honourable to the author that he has followed the example of the ancients in the easy familiarity of the subsequent lines.

Sir Charles Murrell of Ratcliff too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
Yet saved could not be.

But neither the ancients nor the ballad-makers can compare with our advertising author, who possesses, in a surprising degree, the interesting power of describing with such vivacity, as to bring the object immediately before the eye. Moreover, the ingenious painter, having enlarged his canvass, presents us not only with a picture of his horse, but introduces in the foreground a certain Mr. Childress, in such plain guise, that we immediately become anxious to be acquainted with the original. We have always entertained a very profound respect for the name of Joseph. The premier of England, who was literally the *first* of his name, was the religious reader may remember, one of the most exemplary characters recorded in the annals of history ; and fortunate it would be for some of his descendants and namesakes, if they had accurately copied certain of his virtues. Joseph

Addison is a name dear to Wit and the Graces, and Joseph Mede, a name not less dear to Learning. Joseph Spence has immortalised himself by his illustrations of the ancient mythology; and Joseph Butler by his admirable Analogy and original sermons. One of our best friends and most animated advocates is a gentleman with this prænomen, and from our earliest childhood we have cherished an attachment to a certain individual, thus called, whom we love as tenderly as we love ourselves, and with such constancy of friendship, that like the conjugal affection of the happy couple in Horace,

Quos irrupta tenet copula  
Nec malis divulsus querimoniis,  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

To this catalogue of Josephs we are naturally studious to add Mr. Childress of Richmond, especially as he dances before our delighted optics in the fairy and gamesome guise of Joe. We long to take him by the hand, to call him by this elegant and endearing abbreviation of his baptismal name, and to sit down on the same bench in the same tavern with such a fine, familiar fellow, memorable in the archives of Virginia, as the sometime owner of the little horse, whose fairy figure makes so delectable an appearance in this miscellany.

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Once more, Mr. B. returns to his proper subject, and resumes and finishes his description of the wonderful pony. When he gallops, his feet go very high and throws them down very hard, and is a coarse gaited horse. This is a picturesque passage, and we can almost hear the clatter of this horse's heels, not less noisy than the heels of that horse which ran away with Gilpin.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula  
pum.

For ourselves, studious of ease, and lying so much on sofas, and in the embraces of an arm chair, we cannot help commiserating the fate of the luckless rider upon this dashing devil of a horse; who, what with his coarse gait, and now sublime in air, and now violently thrashing the ground, must agitate the hapless passenger astride, with a concussion not less than that which convulsed *Ætna* and the Sicilian island when the giant *Enceladus* turned his back to side.

Fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus  
Urgeri mole hâc, in gentemque insuper *Æoliam*  
Impositam ruptis flammam expirare caminis  
Et fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere ora  
*Murmûre Trinacriam.*

The furniture of this Virginia Rozinante is not less remarkable. The saddle, gorgeously garnished round the edges with all the brilliancy of red plush, must beam effulgent, like Milton's moon,

———whose orb  
Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening, from the top of Fesolé  
Or in Valdarno.

Though the beauty of the bridle is rather injured by a piece of twine string, yet courage, ye ostlers, and ye jockies, for the buckles are roundish, like

—the great globe itself,

and are rather fluted, like the fascinating Corinthian column; and if they be not quite so large as a dollar, exceed in splendor a Roman, yea, an American, eagle.

The amusing ambiguity of the colours of the head-stall is not less pleasing than the dubious tints in some of the paintings of the Flemish school. The head-stall, says our inimitable describer, is *done around* with white and green, or yellow and red ferreting. Here we have four of the colours of the prism, and the reader may take his choice. In this rainbow of vari-

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ous hues his curious eye may rove from the mild and modest lustre of white and green to the dazzling glories of yellow and red.

Finis coronat opus.

Mr. B. in his peroration returns to his little horse,

“With him my song began, with him shall end,”

and, with a valuation proportionate to the diminutiveness of this tiny animal, offers *twenty* dollars for the horse, saddle and bridle, inclusive. We conclude our remarks with a wish, inspired by a love of justice, and of elegant composition, that Mr. B. may not only recover his horse, but his knowledge of pure and harmonious English. For if the first has been stolen, the last, it is manifest, has strayed.



Thomas, of late so gay and free,  
You sang to love full many a glee,  
Nor e'er from pleasure tarried;  
Now altered quite—the form of wo!  
Ah! Ben, my friend, you do not know  
That I am—I am—*married!*

by N Biddle

## JACK AND GILL.

Lusimus—gracili modulante Thaliâ,  
Atque ut araneoli, tenuem formavimus orsum.

VIRGILII *Culex*.

A new and very witty correspondent has sent me the following mock criticism, which, far from plagiarising from the page of CANNING, has very happily emulated his celebrated analysis of the nursery ballad, "The queen of hearts, she made some tarts," &c.\* I should be unjust to the author, if I omitted to insert, that, in his private letter to me, he very modestly states, that he recollects an essay on a similar subject, but is not conscious of the servility of an imitation; and that if either its length, or its nature, render it improper for insertion, the Editor may, without ceremony, like the shepherd of the divine poet,

*Levem stipulam crepetantibus urere flammis.*

The article in question shall not be put to this *fiery trial*, and the Editor himself would deserve to be *singed*, should he burn a single sentence which Genius has given to Mirth.

\* See the "Microcosm," an ingenious periodical paper by the *Etonians*.

is very happy: for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear; and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (once of the quorum), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honourable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all the epic writers after him have fallen; since by thus stating their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to their assistance, they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice too of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who by giving us plain Jack and Gill has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is however judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he

might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbour, to whom in the course of the work, it will appear, he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said, that the contraction of names savours too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe, that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims "Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare bones," and that the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils, I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity, with which Jack breaks in upon us.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Jack and Gill  
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accomodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, &c. all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties

of an high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic, with whom I am acquainted, has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea comprehending person, rising ground, trees, &c. &c. is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it *a* hill, and others *the* hill, for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been

suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill, whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as Hippocrene, that is a *horsepond*, at the top of the hill; but, on the whole, I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be the better reading.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill  
Went up a hill  
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other



in their labours, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket.—Here too is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labour. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, "*Bonus dux bonum facit militem,*" which has been

translated "A good Jack makes a good Gill," thereby intimating a superiority in the former. Such was the case, it seems the poet wished to show his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labour. It has so been objected, (for every Homer has his oilus,) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labours. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not draw-

ing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation, and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the way-farers of this life are daily liable, and

we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labours. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down  
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his "Cursory Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.\*

In the midst of our affliction, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which, on this occasion, is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding, at the same time, that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which, by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if

\* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader :

*Comitemne sororem*

*Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses:*

*Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.*

it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowds of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling: when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods and chattels of him the said Jaffier: but in the poem before us the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and

dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

Jack fell down  
And broke his crown,  
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral too, that part without which poetry is useless sound,

has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things.

N.

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### A LANDSCAPE.

SKETCH of a landscape in Cecil county, Maryland, at the junction of the Octorara creek with the Susquehanna, suggested by hearing the birds sing during the remarkably warm weather in February, 1806.

WHAT joyous notes are those, so soft, so sweet,  
That unexpected, strike my charmed ear!  
They are the ROBIN's song! This genial morn,  
Deceives the feathered tribe: for yet the sun,  
In Pisces holds his course; nor yet has Spring  
Advanc'd one legal claim; but though oblique,  
So mild, so warm, descend his cheering rays,  
Impris'ning winter seems subdued. No dread  
Of change retards their wing; but off they soar  
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of Spring.

Advent'rous birds, and rash! ye little think,  
Though lilacs bud, and early willows burst,  
How soon the blasts of March—the snowy sleets,



May turn your hasty flight, to seek again  
Your wonted warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,  
Thus easily allured, to put his trust  
In fair appearance; and with hope elate,  
And nought suspecting, thus he sallies forth,  
To earn experience in the storms of life!

But why thus chide—why not with gratitude  
Receive and cherish ev'ry gleam of joy?  
For many an hour can witness, that not oft,  
My solitude is cheered by feelings such,  
So blithe—so pleasurable as thy song,  
Sweet Robin, gives. Yet on thy graceful banks,  
Majestic Susquehanna—joy might dwell!  
For whether bounteous Summer sport her stores,  
Or niggard Winter bind them—still the forms  
Most grand, most elegant, that nature wears  
Beneath Columbia's skies, are here combin'd.

The wide extended landscape glows with  
more  
Than common beauty. Hills rise on hills—  
An amphitheatre, whose lofty top,  
The spreading oak, or stately poplar crowns—  
Whose ever-varying sides present such scenes  
Smooth or precipitous—harmonious still—  
Mild or sublime,—as wake the poet's lay.  
Nor aught is wanting to delight the sense;  
The gifts of Ceres, or Diana's shades.  
The eye enraptur'd roves o'er woods and dells,  
Or dwells complacent on the numerous signs  
Of cultivated life. The labourer's decent cot,

Marks the clear spring, or bubbling rill.  
The lowlier hut hard by the river's edge,  
The boat, the seine suspended, tell the place  
Where, in their season, hardy fishers toil.  
More elevated on the grassy slope,  
The farmer's mansion rises mid his trees;  
Thence, o'er his fields the master's watchful eye  
Surveys the whole. He sees his flocks, his herds,  
(Excluded from the grain-built cone; all else,  
While rigid Winter reigns, their free domain!)  
Range through the pastures, crop the tender  
root,

Or climbing heights abrupt, search careful out,  
The welcome herb,—now prematurely sprung  
Through half-thawed earth. Beside him spread-  
ing elms

His friendly barrier from th' invading north,  
Contrast their shields defensive with the willow,  
Whose flexile drapery sweeps his rustic lawn.  
Before him lie his vegetable stores,  
His garden, orchards, meadows—all his hopes—  
Now bound in icy chains: but ripening suns  
Shall bring their treasures to his plenteous  
board.

Soon too, the hum of busy man shall wake  
Th' adjacent shores. The baited hook, the net,  
Drawn skilful round the wat'ry cove, shall bring  
Their prize delicious to the rural feast.

Here blooms the laurel on the rugged breaks,  
Umbrageous, verdant, through the circling year

His bushy mantle scorning winds or snows.  
While there—two ample streams confluent  
grace—

Complete the picture—animate the whole!

Broad o'er the plain the *Susquehanna* rolls  
His rapid waves far sounding as he comes.  
Through many a distant clime and verdant vale,  
Of Pennsylvania's affluent domain.  
A thousand springy caverns yield their rills,  
Augmenting still his force. The torrent grows,  
Spreads deep and wide, till braving all restraint  
Ev'n mountain ridges feel the imperious press;  
Forced from their ancient rock-bound base—  
they leave

Their monumental sides, erect, to guard  
The pass—and tell to future days, and years,  
The wond'rous tale! Meanwhile,  
The conqueror flood holds on his course,  
Resistless ever—sinuous, or direct.  
Unconscious tribes beneath his surface play,  
Nor heed the laden barques, his bosom bears;  
Now gliding swiftly by the threat'ning rocks,  
Now swimming smoothly to the distant bay.  
To meet and bring his liberal tribute too,  
The modest *Octorara* winds his way—  
Not ostentatious like a boasting world  
Their little charities proclaiming loud—  
But silent through the glade retir'd, and wild,  
Between the shaded banks on either hand,  
Till circling yonder mead—he yields his name.

Nor proudly, Susquehanna! boast thy gain,  
For thence, not far, thou too, like him shalt give  
Thy congregated waters, title—all,  
To swell the nobler name of CHESAPEAKE!

And is not such a scene as this the spell,  
That lulls the restless passions into peace?  
Yes. Cold must be the sordid heart, unmov'd  
By nature's bounties: but they cannot fill,  
That ardent craving in the mind of man,  
For *social intercourse*,—the healthful play—  
The moral gem—the light of intellect—  
Communion sweet with those we love!

S. H.

*Octorara.*



### TO MY GLASS.

I HAVE lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee,  
Since my soul delight could know;  
How delicious I have prov'd thee,  
Let my red *cheek* blushing show.

Ten long years, to banish sorrow,  
I have fill'd thee o'er and o'er;  
Never thinking of to-morrow,  
Every day I lov'd thee more!

156      NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

Play nor business could not charm me  
I no joy in love could see,  
Nor could *sober* thoughts alarm me,  
Save the thought of losing thee.

When unhallow'd hands have touch'd thee,  
I have sigh'd with jealous pain;  
When a thirsty lip has drain'd thee,  
I have fill'd thee oft again!

ORLANDO.



"THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN."

THIS world is but a silly stage,  
Illusions through it glancing;  
The hopes of youth, the fears of age,  
By turns the wav'ring mind engage,  
There's nothing true but dancing!

The light that gleams o'er hero's swords  
Is false, as 'tis entrancing;  
And still less rapture love affords,  
For courting is a waste of words,  
There's nothing bright but dancing!

Poor mortals! in a world of pain,  
 Their sorrow still enhancing—  
 Who break their heart for love or gain,  
 When 'twould be better far to sprain  
 Or break their ankles dancing!

ORLANDO.

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## SAPPHIC IMITATION OF OTIUM DIVOS.

ADDRESS TO MY FRIEND, J. D. ESQ.

EASE is the pray'r of solitary trav'ler,  
 Whom tipsy driver rattles in a mail-stage,\*  
 Darksome the night, cold, supperless, and  
 sleepy,  
 Tavern afar off.

*Notes by Denrie.*

\* The classical reader, after perusing this line, will perceive that the poet has, with the dexterity of some drivers, contrived to produce a sort of jolt, in his rapid career. The hemistich "rattles in a mail-stage" may be arranged with the

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

of VIRGIL.

P

Ease, grumbles *Listless*, worried at tea-party;\*  
 Ease, bellows† *King*, with *morning visit* pester'd;

\* At these charming assemblies, composed of motley groups of nymphs and swains, who are most fashionably indifferent to each other, one knows not which most to admire, the dress of the women, or the drowsiness of the men. The institution of these parties cannot be sufficiently admired. The lady of the house enjoys a noble opportunity of treating a number of people, at a frugal rate, an important circumstance in American economy. The misses, stimulated by chat inspiring tea, prattle divinely, and dart electric flashes from radiant eyes, the effects of which are unfortunately lost, as most of the gallants are too sleepy, from the fulness of their dinner, and the frequency of their bumpers, to attend to the glance, or even hear the voice of these *charm*ers, *charming ever so wisely*.

† This is the gratuitous name of a gentleman, whom some of his friends alarm, in the midst of morning business, by the frequent rap of the noisy knocker. This circumstance at once evinces that *he* is fashionable and they have leisure. Horace, in his first satire, describes the discontent of a Roman lawyer,

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat,

but a Philadelphia attorney is willing, even at cock-crow, to be roused by *clients*, provided that *Learn*.

Oft neither found in *Library recess*,\* *Joe*,  
Nor in the club-room.†

Not dashing frock-coat, leathern galligaskins,  
Not even strong beer, terrapins, and oysters,  
Not roguish smile of pretty *Sally J*—— —  
Cure us of *ennui*.

*gers* will abstain from his office until *evening* grants the careless and convivial hour. Mr. D'Israeli has very truly and brilliantly said, "among the *disturb-ers* of literary tranquillity may be classed those *unhappy wanderers*, who *besiege* the houses of their neighbours, and like the barbarian soldier, enter the apartment of an Archimedes, and *murder* him in the *midst of his studies*."

\* A studious rook, where the person alluded to, makes the nearest possible approaches to tranquillity of mind, by incessant employment among the writings of such spirits, who have augmented the strength, or heightened the graces of literature.

† An asylum for a few social spirits, who, by a sentiment or a song, contrast the labours of the day. On wreaths of purple smoke, curling from the cinnamon segar, care scuds away; and each individual exclaims in the tone of festivity

To-night shall gay Champaign expand the soul,  
With brilliant bubbles in my crystal bowl.



Give me the man, who, satisfied with little,  
 Drains with a friend his demi-john to th' last  
     drop,  
 And with the hapless poverty-struck victim,  
     Shares his last guinea.

Why with ambition trouble we our noddles?  
 Why should we ramble over the Atlantic?  
 Show me the wretch, who flying from his coun-  
     try,  
     Fled from his conscience.

Care mounts the phaeton, curricl, and tandem;  
 Care mounts the charger, and the pacing pony;  
 Swifter it flies than      \*      \*      \*  
     \*      \*      \*      \*

Happy the man, content with what's before him,  
 Heedless of ills, awaiting him to-morrow,  
 Light lays his load by Horace' golden maxim,  
     *Nil admirari.*

Know we the wight, exempt from all tempta-  
     tions?  
 You have your own, dear Joe, and I have mine  
     too;  
 Drive them away, in nipperkin of beer, or  
     Whiff of tobacco.

You, in your study, sit uninterrupted,  
Round you the classics, English, Greek, and  
Latin.

Reading or scribbling rapidly the hours fly,  
Spurr'd by your fancy.

I sit immured in office, night and morning;  
Tracing remainders, vested and contingent,  
Feeless myself, I ruminate alas! on  
Fees tail, and simple.

MERCUTIO.



# FREE IMITATION OF PERSICOS ODI, &c.

DINNERS of *form*, I vote a bore,  
Where folks, who never met before,  
And care not if they ne'er meet more,  
Are brought together:  
Cram'd close as mackerel in their places,  
They eat with *Chesterfieldian* graces,  
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,  
About the weather.

Thrice blest, who at an *inn* unbends  
With half a dozen of his friends,  
And while the curling smoke ascends  
In volumes sable,

Mirth and good humour round him sees,  
Chats, lolling backward, at his ease,  
Or cocks his cross'd legs, if he please,  
Upon the table.

MERCUTIO.

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### AD CALVUM.

Debetur canis reverentia sancta capillis;  
Debetur capiti, Calve, quid ergo tuo?  
Joan. Pet. Lotichius.

### IMITATED.

### ON MY BALD-HEADED FRIEND.

"A reverence to gray hair is due"—  
That, Sam, I grant is very true;  
But how shall reverence e'er be shown  
Your hair!—dear fellow you have none!  
R. H. R.

**ADDRESSED TO MR. MALBONE,  
ON HIS PAINTING A MINIATURE LIKENESS OF  
A FRIEND.**

**HARRIET FENNO.**

The following tribute, to the genius of an artist of exquisite taste and fancy, is from the pen of one of the daughters of Mr. Fenno, the founder, and many years the editor, of the *United States' Gazette*. Since it was written, both the poet and the painter have descended to the tomb; and I preserve this effusion, not less on account of its intrinsic merit, than as a memorial of individuals whose names are still cherished with lively regard. There are no incidents in the life of the writer that require to be related in this volume, even if delicacy would permit an investigation of the history of a lady, whose pen was employed only for the expression of her own feelings, and the gratification of her friends. Perhaps, in that circle, some surprise may be excited by the appearance of her name in this collection; but I trust that my apology will be found in the specimens of her poetical powers which are here preserved, because they sufficiently vindicate her right to a place in an attempt to represent the polite literature of Philadelphia.

The artist, to whom this tributary lay is addressed was particularly happy in the delineation of female loveliness; and he was enabled to return the compliment, by an admirable portrait of this rare union of dignity and beauty. The lambent flar of genius which played upon her forehead is still preserved, and the eloquent lips yet speak; but the remembrance of those virtues, which imparted so much animation to her countenance, dwelt among her friends, with the gifts of the heaven which are given, but cannot be delivered.\*

MALBONE was not unworthy of the homage of beauty and genius. In the history of American arts his name will be found among the most successful of our painters. He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, about the year 1775. His family being in humble circumstances, he received no more than the ordinary rudiments of a common education. The talent for which he became so highly distinguished, first developed itself in the interest with which he surveyed the operations of a scene-painter in a country theatre, where he was allowed to attend the rehearsals. This person employed him as an assistant, and so rapid was his progress that, in a short time, he produced an entire new scene, which, in the language of the stage, was received with the most flattering applause. He next attempted likenesses, and succeeded so well

\* The gifts she looks from me, are packed and lock'd up in heart.  
*Winter's Tale*, a. 4, s. 3

in this branch of the art, that he adopted it as a profession. His constitution, not naturally strong, was impaired by his intense application to business and study; and in 1800 he removed to Charleston, in the hope that his health might be corroborated by a southern climate. He had previously resided in the principal cities of the eastern and middle states, where his skill and industry brought him into reputation, and the gentleness of his manners made him welcome, as a guest, in the most polished circles. Thus his ambition and his desire of gain were gratified at the same time. The defects of his education were so far supplied by his assiduity, that his acquaintance with English literature was extensive and exact.

In 1801 he sailed from Charleston to London, where he improved himself by contemplating the works of the great masters with the enlightened admiration of genius. He was treated with much kindness by Mr. West, who urged him to remain in England, assuring him that, in his particular walk, he had nothing to fear from professional competition in that country. He returned, however, and resumed his profession with unabated zeal and high reputation. In the summer of 1806, he was one of my fellow passengers in a voyage from Charleston to New-York. He then exhibited every symptom of approaching consumption. Exercise and change of scene were substituted, but without avail, for confinement and sedentary application. In the autumn of the year which

has just been mentioned, he went to London, but finding that his disorder was not mended, he returned to his native country, and died at Savannah, 7th of May, 1807.

His career was brief and painful, but it was sustained by the sympathy of many friends; it was free from any vice or grossness, and gained a reputation which was almost without a rival. His works of Isaby, the first living French painter in Malbone's way, at that period, were not as his, and few English miniatures were those which came from his pallet. Malbone was well, correctly, yet without tameness. He had an acute discernment of character, and much skill in expressing it. He had taste, fancy, and imagination, and in the delineation of female beauty, innocent childhood, these qualities were especially conspicuous. His pre-eminent excellence was in colouring; such was its harmony, its truth. His miniatures have more beauties of a fine portrait, without losing their own peculiar character.

There is a good likeness of Malbone in the *Artistic Magazine* for 1815, accompanied by a short written "Biographical Notice," from which a brief sketch has been abridged.

WILT thou permit an humble muse  
To twine a transient wreath for thee,  
Of lowly flowers, that sweets diffuse,  
Though Fame's bright laurels brighter

Can I, unmov'd, gaze on this face,  
Where life in ev'ry feature glows,  
And still the lovely likeness trace,  
Nor hail the art from whence it rose?

'Tis her's!—that look of blended thought!  
Those mildly-pensive, serious eyes!  
And thou this fair enchantment wrought;  
For matchless merit is thy prize.

Say, where's the artist who till now  
To ivory cold, warm breath has giv'n?  
Yet thou, immortal Malbone, thou  
Can'st stay the soaring soul from heav'n.

No more let blooming beauty mourn  
The stern, relentless hand of Time,  
That many a fragrant flow'r hath shorn,  
And op'ning buds, before their prime;

For thou canst rescue from his scythe  
Each winning grace—Thy pencil, true  
To Nature's touch, gives speaking life,  
And bids it flourish, ever new.

Whoe'er beheld thy rosy Hours,\*  
And could unfelt their beauties see,

\* Alluding to his allegorical painting of the Hours.



The mind is his where darkness low'rs,  
And his the heart that mine should flee.

May mem'ry to thy mind present  
The PAST, with gentle, placid mien,  
Where Hope, prophetic spirit! sent,  
\*Waving her golden hair, was seen.

And may thy PRESENT hours be bright,  
As the fair angel smiling there;  
Without a cloud to dim their light,  
Without a thought that sets in care!

But, for the FUTURE—O! may they  
Be crown'd with bliss, and wealth, and fame;  
And may this little, humble lay  
Be lost 'midst songs that sound thy name.

VIOLETTA.

\* "And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her  
golden hair."

COLLINS.

## TO A WITHERED ROSE.

HARRIET FENNO.

How fair wert thou when first mine eye  
Caught the light tint thy leaves that drest,  
Just bursting from obscurity,  
To court the zephyr to thy breast!

To me thou did'st recall the time, '  
When hope and fancy wing'd my days,  
When, in my joyous, youthful prime,  
No pensive note e'er mark'd my lays.

Thou too, like me, wert but half-blown,  
Ere drooping for thy parent soil,  
Thy richest fragrance far had flown,  
And death had ta'en thee as his spoil.

He bow'd thy unassuming head,  
And paler made thy modest glow,  
Which boasted ne'er the brightest red,  
But such a blush as pale cheeks know.

Thy lively green is faded too,  
And thou dost not one trace retain  
Of that sweet flower the Persians woo,  
To waft its perfume o'er the plain.

Poor Rose, adieu! may I, like thee,  
When "death has laid my green head low,"  
Have some fond friend to sigh for me,  
And mourn for buds that never blow.

VIOLETTA.



A gentleman of Philadelphia, who had in his possession a blank-book, which once belonged to the poet *Saxstons*, gave it to the translator of *Anacreon*, with the ensuing address :

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

SOME gentle god inspires thy clay,  
And smiles in every look;  
He breathes in every melting lay,  
Nor grieves for heav'n forsook.

When the soft, tender sighs of love  
Are bursting from thy soul;  
'Tis Cupid blooming from above,  
We feel the god's control.

And, when with gay, fantastic mirth,  
You scatter sweet delight;  
'Tis Bacchus revelling on earth,  
Chaste, beautiful, and bright.

Impassion'd child of love and joy,  
 May both forever smile;  
 And mix thy cup without alloy,  
 Thy pleasures without guile.

This sacred page, for Shenstone's muse design'd,  
 Shall drink the sweeter transports of thy mind.  
 H.



## LINES

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF T.  
 MOORE, ESQ. FROM PHILADELPHIA.

How oft have I seen, at the first blush of morn-  
 ing,  
 The wretch, to whose eye-lids repose were a  
 treasure,  
 Turn, sad, on his pillow, and snatch a short  
 slumber,  
 As fancy, the while, wove her visions of plea-  
 sure.

And then in his light-dreams, all fleeting as  
 showers,  
 That kiss the new grass, in the morning of  
 spring,

His fair one would smile, as he sigh'd all his  
passion  
And, blushing, receive from his fingers the ring.

At a moment like this, the bright vision would  
vanish!

In vain would he woo the soft god back again,  
The dream of his fancy had gone, and he sigh'd  
That pleasure should fly from the footsteps of  
pain.

Thus to me, youthful stranger! (whom fate has  
permitted,  
To charm us, from friends and from country to  
roam,)  
Thyself wert the vision, that flitted before me,  
That stole to my bosom, and made it a home.

But the rainbow of evening can linger not long,  
Its mellow tints fade, and we watch it in vain,  
And the rose bud, that blooms in the morning  
of May,  
Soon loses its sweets—but its thorns still re-  
main.

And yet, if kind mem'ry be doom'd to revive  
In me the impressions, affection has wore,  
I shall woo her to visit me oft, for I know  
She will show in, my day-dreams, the image of  
MOORE.

JAQUES.

While our right witty, and dearly beloved, the  
TRANSLATOR of ANACREON, was delighting a festive group with sentiment and song, during one of the evenings of his sojourn in Philadelphia, the following complimentary verses, written for the occasion, were sung by one of our sweetest minstrels. The company was indebted for the composition to our entertainer, a gentleman of this city, whose wit is as bright as his wine, and whose powers of entertainment are not confined to the banquet he spreads.—DENNIE.

### SONG.

As Jove in good humour was taking his glass,  
And lounging at ease, in his vast wicker chair;  
His cronies delighted the red goblet pass,  
And music and merriment ring through the air.

While jesting and laughter and song were in  
turn,  
And all strove to heighten the general mirth;  
Jove bellow'd aloud—"What is that I discern?"  
And instantly added—"Why *there goes the earth.*"

All ran to the window to see us glide by;—  
Then seated again, the chat fell upon men—  
Momus talk'd of the days, when Joy liv'd in the  
eye,  
And said we should never see such days again.

“ And why may they not?” jolly Bacchus replied,  
“ Let Jupiter send them ANACREON down;  
His name is remember'd with honor and pride,  
His presence will give to the world new renown.”

The gods all agree—'tis an excellent thought,  
And second the motion, by Bacchus thus made;  
But Jupiter set their opinions at naught  
And thus the great king of the gods gravely  
said:

“ I love well these mortals, though sometimes  
they err,  
And blessings abundant upon them will pour;  
The promise thus made, not an instant defer,  
You ask for ANACREON, but I will give  
MOORE.”

## SMOKING A SEGAR.

IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

PROPP'D in an elbow chair, Fumoso sat,  
With legs divaricating, and with heels  
Recumbent on the stove's projecting plate.  
Around his head, in sombrous volumes roll'd  
The clouds of pungent smoke, from volute leaf  
Of plant perfum'd, delicious with the scent  
Of od'rous bean, dear bought, and brought from  
far!

His head sublime, thrown back in lofty state,  
The ceiling's height contemplates; nor disturb'd  
Its musing trance, except betimes to squirt  
The sputtering streams of bland saliva off.  
Nor minds the plaints of Betty or of Jack,  
For brass resplendent sullied; or the spots  
That mar the nicely blacken'd, shining face  
Of Franklin's economic fount of heat.

While on the mantle stands the cheering glass  
Of Gallic cordial, temper'd with the stream  
Of limpid Schuylkill, which erewhile he sips,  
And feels his soul expand, and dreams of bliss  
Supreme, in Fancy's airy visions lost.  
In his mind's eye he sees the blooming fair  
Simper, or smile upon him;—she, for whom



He almost would resign the fragrant fumes  
Of lov'd segar, and purify his breath.  
But now ambition fires his swelling thoughts,  
With schemes of public good. He dares to court  
And win the people's voice. The senate hears  
His voice, resounding in her spacious hall,  
And patriots listen, while Fumoso rails.  
His hand aloft extending, wav'd sublime  
In circle bold—alas! the blazing top  
Of taper sunk it strikes—the light's extinct!  
His knuckles too are sing'd!—the charm dis-  
solves!  
His last segar begins to scorch his lip;  
The drowsy watchman bellows "dwelf a glock!"  
Fumoso starts! relumes the extinguish'd wick,  
\*And sadly silent seeks the sweets of sleep.  
Sic transit gloria mundi.

QUIZ.

\* A remarkable instance of alliteration!! plau-  
dite lectores.

SCRIB.

## REFLECTIONS IN THE CITY.

PEACE to the restless Timon, who frequents  
Sequestered groves, and solitary streams,  
Breathing disgust with man, and rage against  
Th' o'erwhelming follies of an insane world.  
His heart o'erflows with charity for brutes;  
But man he meets with frowns. Nature's attire  
His pencil decorates, with ev'ry charm  
That fancy can create. But human life,  
It's foibles heighten'd, and it's vices drawn  
With studied zeal, it's comforts and it's joys  
Forgot, or hid in gloomy shades, presents  
A cell of madmen and a den of thieves.  
He rather courts the thicket's deep recess,  
Well suited to his mournful strains. Reptiles,  
Whose sight is loathsome to the common eye,  
Nourish in him that train of gloomy thought,  
Congenial to his soul's misanthropy.  
Though from my heart I pity his mistake,  
I like not frowns nor stings. I seek with joy  
The noisy stir of men, the city's crowd,  
And, while I travel through the changing  
    scenes  
That human life presents me, still I find  
The amplest source of knowledge and delight

The poet and the sage proclaim, with voice  
Unanimous, these great and useful truths:  
Man is the study fittest for mankind;  
To know ourselves the noblest end of thought.  
To meditate on these no field so rich,  
So boundless, so diversified, as is  
The city's throng. He then, who flees the  
    scenes,  
Of active life for stones, and brawling brooks,  
And haunts of deer: the misanthrope, who  
    leaves  
The cheerful converse of mankind, the sight  
"Of human face divine," to hear the shrill  
Ear-torturing cries of owls, and the rude song  
Of woods, but doats upon an idle dream,  
And wastes the noblest powers of his mind,  
In vain research, and unproductive toil.  
Here, in the conflict of mankind alone,  
Can we trace out their nature. Here alone  
Perceive th' expansive force of that vast *mind*,  
Which elevates him to the height of God.  
Imagination, judgment, memory here,  
Attain their destined strength; and all the pas-  
    sions,  
Rouse and enlarge by adverse aims, until  
Their latent energies unfold to view.  
Of books, th' exclusive boast of civil life,  
Exhaustless source of wisdom, ornament  
Of youth, of age the solace and support,  
Yielding in ev'ry state, unmingled streams

Of never-cloying bliss, the city brings  
A large and various store, forever new,  
Food for "the mind of desultory man."  
Not as in solitude too oft we find,  
To the dull page tied down, so frequently  
Perus'd, that the pall'd ear abhors it's sound.  
But whether we'd hold converse with those  
minds,

Who on a nook of earth, at Europe's verge,  
Nourish'd the flow'r of freedom, and attain'd  
In times remote, in letters and in arts,  
A height unrivalled by modern fame;  
Or those, not far behind, of haughty Rome,  
The only trophies left of her who sway'd  
The empire of the world. Would we pursue  
With arduous step those philosophic paths,  
Where men long wander'd, in an endless maze  
Of theory—while fancy took the reins  
From reason, till those stars of England rose  
And clear'd the doubtful way. Or rather woo  
Th' historic muse, whose page embalms the  
fame

Of those "who greatly thought or bravely  
died."

Of those, whose labours have enlarg'd the  
sphere

Of human bliss, by the long train of arts,  
By teaching wisdom, or by acting well.  
Would we unbend the mind's fatigue, and feel  
A mournful pleasure, while the tragic muse

Through fancied woes conducts us, or live o'er  
The home-felt scenes the novelist displays,  
With a profusion endless, these the city  
Proffers the eager mind. 'Tis here alone  
Our meals are greeted, with the punctual call  
Of those moist folios, whom a single day  
Robs of their taste. Or those, which weeks  
Or months bring round, laden with varied fruits,  
Most grateful to the literary mind.

What time the fair forsake the room, and leave  
The stronger sex to toast, to sing, to drink  
Intoxicating draughts: when some retreat  
To pay their punctual visit to the couch,  
Th' unerring harbinger of wakeful nights;  
In search of all the luxury of books,  
My steps conduct me to the tranquil dome,  
Where Franklin's venerable form invites  
My leisure hours. A niche well fill'd by one,  
Whose country rear'd the infant pile within.  
Here learning nobly emulates the gods,  
Like them diffusing through the world, from rich  
And inexhausted stores, her glorious gifts.

But most of all the city life affords,  
Th' enliv'ning joys that social converse yields.  
The face so often seen insipid grows,  
And conversation bald and wearisome,  
Unless renew'd by novelty. The round  
Of life is render'd dull and spiritless,  
And like the inmates of an India ship,  
Four tedious months coop'd up at sea, we tire,

Even at the sight of those we daily see,  
 And sigh to hear again a stranger's voice.  
 Here we may saunter forth: And as it suits,  
 Canvass the changeful news of war or peace,  
 The movements of ambitious powers abroad,  
 Or more important counsels of our own.  
 Or if the boist'rous din of politics  
 Delight us not, here may we greet the group  
 Of literary minds, congenial  
 To our own taste: receiving and imparting  
 New pleasures from our former studious toil.  
 But 'tis within the circles of the fair,  
 The Sylph of social converse joys to view,  
 With fondest rapture, and with partial love  
 Her flowery throne erected. Here each grace  
 Displays her winning charms, unveil'd. The  
     chaste  
 And polish'd virtues stand around, and guard  
 Her seat from all licentiousness of act  
 Or tongue. Mirth and good humour reign o'er  
     all,  
 While we run through the trifles of the hour,  
 That banish care, and humanise the soul.  
 Nor is amusement all. New Lælias  
 And new Mucias here display, that grace  
 Of style and wit, that polish'd turn of thought,  
 Which once the youthful Tully sought  
 Among the Roman fair. Without whose aid,  
 Learning is cumbersome, and knowledge vain.

IMLAC.

R

## GRECIAN CUSTOMS.

The following passages are extracted from the *Memoirs of Anacreon*; a work which was written by the editor of this compilation many years ago, in intervals of relaxation from Year Books and Reporters;

— from Viner and Ventries  
With all their tough entries.

The idea of this tissue of fact and fiction laid on a Grecian frame, was derived from the Athenian letters of Hardwicke, and the Anacharsis of Abbé Barthelemy. The ambition of the young author was quickened by the enthusiasm which the presence of Mr. Moore had kindled at that period in the literary circles of Philadelphia: and it was highly flattering to receive his approbation of the work when a portion of the manuscript was subsequently transmitted to him. There are many works in France on the same model,—les Amours d'Horace, le Catulle, &c. ; and the Germans have the Alcibiades by Reischer, of Aristippus, by Wieland, &c. but I have never seen one of them. From the life of Anacreon by Gacon, who calls himself, "the poet without blemish," I have borrowed one or two trifling incidents in the commencement of my work, but he was soon found to be too intolerably silly, and thrown aside.

I will merely add in this place that the biography of the merry Poet is supposed to be written by *Critias of Athens*, his friend and companion.

WHILE Anacreon was thus enjoying himself with Sappho, I was sedulously engaged in the study of the Greek poets who had formerly flourished, and improving my knowledge by conversing with those of the present time. When the thoughts of the lovely Myrilla obtruded upon my mind, I regarded her as either dead or faithless, and strove to assuage the poignancy of my feelings in the society of the companions of Sappho. Her genius and charms had collected around her a number of females, among whom were some of the most tender and impassioned poetesses that Greece could boast. Seven of them in particular were so distinguished by the elegant symmetry of their persons and the splendour of their talents, that Antipater of Thessalonica, who then wooed the fair Anyta, with not less gallantry than truth, bestowed upon the captivating assemblage the title of *THE EARTHLY MUSES*. From these my heart involuntarily selected the youthful Erinna, as one whose genius and beauty recalled the image of the lost Myrilla. She possessed that heavenly beauty which seemed scarcely to belong to a mortal frame. The fire that enlightened her eye, and the glow which burnished her cheek,



bespoke the high source from which she derived her origin. From it she inherited that eloquent blood which overspread a countenance ever fair and ever lovely; from that inspiring influence arose the admiration and awe which bent in adoration of her extatic charms.

With that retired modesty which is ever the companion of superior genius, she was regardless of the splendour of wealth, and unambitious of the wreath of fame. Her principal occupation was at the loom and the distaff, and her chief delight was experienced in the endearments of a domestic circle. But as her talents were brilliant, so was her life distinguished by its brevity. She died in the spring of youth, and the muses scattered violets around the tomb of their favourite child.

#### ON ERINNA.

Scarce nineteen summer suns had shed  
Youth's roses o'er Erinna's head  
While by a guardian mother's side  
Her customary tasks she plied—  
Bade her fine silk the loom prepare,  
Or watch'd the distaff's humble care;  
Her modest worth the muses knew,  
Brought her rich talents forth to view;  
With their own fires they fill'd her soul,  
Bade her young eyes in transports roll,

And ah ! too soon from human eyes  
Bore her their handmaid, to the skies.\*

Several of her poems, which are not less remarkable for their tender and impressive pathos, than from the resemblance which they bear to the mournful circumstances of her own fate, remain to soothe the sorrows of her friends. I shall insert the following epitaph upon her friend Baucis, who died the night of her marriage:

Strangers ! who with silent steps pass by,  
Revere the spot where Baucis' ashes lie ;  
And call the monarch of the shades severe,  
Who doom'd to early death a maid so dear.  
These mystic ornaments too sadly show  
Th' unhappy fate of her who sleeps below.  
With the same torch that joyous Hymen led  
The blushing virgin to the nuptial bed,  
Her sorrowing friends did touch the fun'ral pyre  
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.  
Thou too, oh Hymen ! bad'st the jocund day,  
That hail'd the festive season, pass away,  
Chang'd for the sigh of wo and deep dismay.†

On the reverse of the marble, around which she lingered in all the despondence of unaffected grief, and the tender fondness of female friendship, she has thus feelingly addressed the silent emblems of mortality:

\* Anthol. anon.

† Anon.

veil, was placed a chaplet of flowers; in her hands a cake of flour and honey to appease Cerberus, and in her mouth a piece of money to pay Charon. In this state she was exposed a whole day in the vestibule of the house. At the door stood a vessel of lustral water to purify those who might touch the body.

This exposure is always deemed necessary to ascertain that the person is really deceased, and died a natural death. It is sometimes continued to the third day.

The time of the funeral approached. The hour appointed was before the rising of the sun, a practice which the laws wisely directed in order that a ceremony so sad might not be converted into a scene of ostentatious magnificence. The friends and relations were invited. We found the coffin surrounded by women who were making loud lamentations; some of them cut off locks of their hair, and laid them by the side of Baucis, as pledges of their affection and grief. The body was placed upon a car, in a coffin of cypress wood. The women followed the corpse; the men went before it, some with their heads shaved and all were clothed in black and inclined their eyes steadfastly upon the ground. They were preceded by a band of musicians, who played and sang melancholy airs. We repaired to a spot which belonged to Automedon, the

husband, where the ashes of his ancestors were deposited.

Although it is very immaterial whether our bodies be committed to the flames or returned to their original clay, when death has deprived them of animation, much altercation had recently arisen respecting their proper disposition. To so great a length was the spirit of opposition carried that some persons would have been almost willing to undergo the ceremony, that they might display the sincerity of their opinion. Automedon, being one of the innovators upon the ancient custom of interment, the fair form of his wife was laid upon a funeral pyre; and when it was consumed, the nearest relations collected the ashes and buried the urn, which contained them, in the earth.

We were next summoned to the funeral repast, where the conversation turned upon the beauties, the talents, and the virtues of Baucis. On the ninth and thirtieth days after, her relations, habited in white and crowned with flowers, again assembled to pay new honours to her manes: and it was resolved that they should meet annually, on her birth day, to lament her loss, as if it were still recent. This affectionate anniversary is frequently perpetuated in a family, in a society of friends, and among the disciples of the same philosopher. The regret testified on these occasions is renewed at a general

festival of the dead which is celebrated in the month Anthesterion.\* I have, more than once, seen individuals approach a tomb, leave there a part of their hair, and pour around it libations of water, wine, milk and honey.

The curious stranger who is attentive, not only to the origin of these rites, but, to the sentiments by which they are preserved, must admire the wisdom of the ancient legislators, who taught that sepulture and its attendant ceremonies are to be considered as things sacred. They encouraged the old opinion, that the soul, having left its habitation, the body is stopped on the banks of the Styx, tormented by the desire of reaching the place of its destination; and that it appears in dreams to the survivors, who should interest themselves in its fate, until they shall have withdrawn its mortal relics from the eye of day and the injuries of the weather.

Hence that anxiety to procure it the desired repose; hence the injunction imposed upon the traveller to cover with earth a corpse which he may find on the road; and hence the profound veneration in which tombs are held, and the severity of the laws which protect them from violation.

Hence also the ceremonies practised with

\* Corresponding with our months of February and March. Meuss. Græc. Fer. in *Nouv.*

respect to those who are swallowed up in the waves, or die in foreign countries when it is impossible to recover their bodies. Their companions, previous to their departure, thrice invoke them with a loud voice, and, by sacrifices and libations, flatter themselves that they have brought back their manes; to which they sometimes erect cenotaphs, a kind of funeral monument which is held in almost equal veneration with tombs.

Among the citizens who enjoyed an easy fortune when alive, some, conformably with ancient usage, have only a small column erected over their ashes, with their names inscribed upon it: others, in contempt of the laws which condemn ostentation and all pretensions to fictitious sorrow, perpetuate the memory of their deceased relatives by elegant and magnificent structures, which are ornamented with statues, and embellished by the arts. I have known a freed man expend two talents for a monument to his wife.

The premature death of Erinna, which happened shortly after the death of her friend Baucis, and while I remained at Mytilene, was severely felt by those who admired her talents and the many who revered her virtues. Among the poets who did honour at once to their own feelings and to the subject of their lays, Antipater Sidonius, deserves to be remembered. The epitaph which he composed and which was af-

terwards engraved upon her tomb, was in these words:

## ON ERINNA.

Few were they notes, Erinna! short thy lay,  
 But thy short lay the muse herself has giv'n;  
 Thus never shall thy memory decay,  
 Nor night obscure that fame which lives in heav'n:

hile we, the unnumber'd bards of after-time,  
 Sink in the solitary grave unseen,  
 Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled clime,  
 And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays  
 Though but a moment heard before they die;  
 But the long clatt'ring of discordant jays  
 The winds of April scatter through the sky.\*

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REMOTE from the intrigues of the court, and unruffled by the din of contention, our days were joyful and serene like those which nurture the beautiful Halcyon.† Enjoying the uninterrupt-

\* Anthology.

† Simonides explains this trite metaphor: "For as Jove during the winter season gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and

ed society of a friend whom I esteemed, and a wife whom I loved, the gods had left me nothing to wish. When I reflected upon the happiness which this intercourse produced, I could not but acknowledge the source of it. "How sweet to the soul of man," would I exclaim, "is the society of a beloved wife! when wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solitudes and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."\*

temperate time of the year the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon. (King-Fisher.)

\* This passage is translated from the Greek.



After we had been settled a short time in our new abode, Anacreon resolved to send an invitation to Lesbos for Sappho. Among others the following ode, in which he described the simplicity of our fare and the warmth of his affection, was composed upon this occasion:

### TO SAPPHO.

A **BROKEN** cake, with honey sweet,  
Is all my spare and simple treat;  
And while a generous bowl I crown  
To float my little banquet down,  
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,  
And sing of love's delicious fire!  
In mirthful measures, warm and free,  
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But it was not reserved for him again to enjoy the society of this lovely woman, whose genius was only equalled by her misfortunes. Before the courier had departed, I received information from one of my friends at Mytilene, that Sappho had terminated her life and her sufferings by precipitating herself into the sea from the summit of a mountain in Leucadia. The following fragment of an ode was found on the shore:

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep,  
I'll plunge into the whitening deep;

And there I'll float, to waves resign'd  
For love intoxicates my mind !

The mournful intelligence was unfortunately communicated to Anacreon, while he was engaged at a banquet with a few of his former friends. The sudden dismay which this unexpected information occasioned was such that he did not observe a grape-stone which was floating in his wine. He was choked by the contents of the cup, and the melancholy consequences were soon too visible in his countenance. I ran to succour him; but with a smile that bespoke the feeble exertions of nature, he signified that it was too late. I gave him a cup of wine in hopes of relieving him. He took it from me, and, as he held it in his hand, he gave me this ode, in which he announced his departure from us in a strain of prophetic inspiration which resembles the plaintive notes of the expiring swan:

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;  
Hoary locks deform my head.  
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,  
All the flowers of life decay.  
Withering age begins to trace  
Sad memorials o'er my face;  
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,  
All the future must be gloom !  
This awakes my hourly sighing ;  
Dreary is the thought of dying !

Pluto's is a dark abode,  
Sad the journey, sad the road :  
And, the gloomy travel o'er,  
Ah ! we can return no more !

He then poured out a libation to the Eumenides, the inexorable ministers of the vengeance of Pluto, and having thus endeavoured to appease their fury, he sunk upon his couch. It was in vain that we prayed to Apollo, to whom sudden deaths are imputed. Anacreon likewise would have prayed to Mercury, to whom is confided the mournful office of conducting ghosts to the shades below ; but the pangs of death were upon him and the power of utterance was denied. We sounded brazen kettles, to expel those furies which are ever on the alert to carry the unfortunate to places of torment. We crowded around his couch, that we might hear his dying words ; we kissed him and endeavoured to imbibe his latest breath into our mouths.

I had heard for the last time the sounds of a voice which had never addressed me but in the language of kindness—the lustre of those eyes which had ever beamed with mirth and joy became dim, and, after a faint struggle, he sought the shades of Elysium !

He retained his senses so as to be able to depart in a decent posture. As soon as we found that he had expired, his eyes and mouth were closed, and before the body was cold it was

stretched; and soon afterwards it was washed by the females of the household. After it had been rubbed with fragrant oil and other costly ointments, it was clad in a splendid white robe, by which was indicated the pure spirit of the deceased. It was then covered with green boughs and flowers, the liveliness and brilliancy of whose hues denoted the felicity which was to be enjoyed after this life. Being placed upon a bier, it was carried to the entrance of the door. Here it was exposed to public view in order to prevent any suspicion of his death having been occasioned by a wound. The feet were turned to the door, to signify that he would never return; and the corpse was constantly watched, to prevent the pollution of flies or the violence of rude curiosity. The mouth was filled with cake composed of flour, honey and water, to appease the fury of Cerberus, and a piece of money was placed upon it, as a bribe to the surly ferryman of the Styx.

The hair of Anacreon was cut off and hung upon the door, to indicate the house of sorrow; and while the corpse remained there, a vessel of water stood nigh, that those who touched it might purify themselves. After it had been preserved seventeen days and nights, we prepared for the solemn ceremony of interment.

But it was supposed, that the spirit of our departed friend, would be better satisfied if his

ashes were deposited in his natal soil, and we therefore determined to burn the body. In the dead of the night, when the silence of nature accorded with the sadness of our souls, and the awfulness of the ceremony, we lighted our torches, to preserve us from the evil spirits which then ventured abroad. As soon as the sun arose, we took our last farewell, and conveyed the body from the house. As we moved along with a slow pace, our uncovered heads, bent down and supported by our hands, attested our respect, and the serious notes of the Carian and Phrygian flutes, bewailed the loss of our friend. Some persons sprinkled their heads with ashes, and muttered the funeral interjection, *ê, ê, ê*, while others rolled their bodies in the dust. When we arrived at the pile, the body was placed in the middle of it, with a quantity of precious ointments and perfumes, and also the fat of beasts, to increase the force of the flames. The garments of the deceased being thrown in, the sad office of communicating fire to the pile, devolved upon me, as none of the relations of Anacreon were present. Having prayed and offered vows to *Æolus* to assist the flames, I applied the torch. His immediate friends stood nigh to the pile, cutting off their hair and casting it into the flames, and also pouring out libations of wine. The pile being burnt down, the embers were extinguished by wine. We collected the ashes and enclosed them in a silver

urn, which was soon after sent to his relations at Athens.

GRECIANS! his hallowed ashes are covered by a monument which is erected by the altar of the muses on the margin of Ilyssus. When the mellow tints of the declining sun shall sleep on the waters, and ye assemble on its banks, tread lightly on the sod that covers the silent urn. Violets shall bloom around the sacred spot; there the lotus shall spread its embowering branches, and the roses of spring shall impart their sweetest fragrance to the breeze that lingers around the tomb of the Teian bard.

There the chords of the plaintive lyre shall often respire the sad and solemn notes of wo, and the virgins who dwell at the foot of the double mountain shall chaunt his dirge.

As the winds of the declining year assail the green-clad trees and strew the ground with their foliage, and the approaching spring bids them revive with renovated beauty, so is one generation of man called from the joys of life, and another succeeds. But long shall Ilyssus roll his inspiring flood, and many Olympiads shall ye walk in the porticos of Athens, or stray by the side of the silver Strymon, before your ears shall be gladdened by such sounds as ye heard from the lyre of Anacreon: for the graces presided at his birth, and the muses delighted to inspire his meditations.

## THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

UPON returning to my study, after my initiation into the confederacy of men of letters, who have united for the purpose of amusing the lovers of polite literature, the nature of the pledge of co-operation which I had just given, led me into a train of reflections, on the different writers who have successively adorned the English language by periodical papers. The ready finger of memory pointed to the illustrious names of Steele, Addison, Johnson, and others, whose performances are the models of our infant, and the companions of our riper years. While I was pursuing this interesting train of recollections, I insensibly found myself within a spacious edifice, divided into apartments, which seemed to be occupied by a multitude of inhabitants.

On entering the first apartment which presented itself, I discovered a person who was busily employed in painting. The productions of his fertile pencil were numerous and diversified. He seemed to draw from nature only; and, so far as I could form an opinion from his first essays, he began without the advantage of precedent or instruction. The style and colouring

of these were irregular, and in the disposition or grouping of his different objects there was an appearance of irregularity and confusion. The manners of the times, satire, politics, wars, and gallantry were all mingled together in the composition of a single piece. But he gradually became more perfect, and his later works were much more finished and unique. His appearance displayed a genius to invent and a capacity to execute, without much preparation: but his works showed rudeness and haste, and I was of opinion, that he would have succeeded much better, had he lived after those who pursued the same track as himself.

Leaving this person, I passed into an adjoining apartment, where I found another, engaged in a similar employment. I was informed, that the door between the two rooms always stood open, and that the friendly artists maintained an uninterrupted intercourse, consulting each other on their labours, and sometimes assisting in the same picture.

The room was light and airy: it was built in the attic taste, and remarkable for the simplicity and neatness of its decorations. It was hung round with numerous specimens of the skill of the artist: in them were displayed many different subjects: but his chief object seemed to be to delineate the manners of the age in which he lived. There was a light gayety in his manner,



mingled with a decorum and chasteness which increased the pleasure of the beholder, the longer he viewed the pictures. I was not, at first, surprised or delighted; but the calm soberness of the shades insensibly stole over my mind, and I felt, that the oftener I inspected them, the more their fascination increased. In short, they seemed to possess that magical charm which bids defiance to the powers of description or imitation, but which irresistibly rivets the attention, and wraps the beholder in a pleasing and tranquil admiration.

It was with difficulty that I tore myself from the contemplation of these enchanting pieces, to survey the master. He was engaged in a small piece, similar in size to many others which were hung round the room. His pencil moved with ease and rapidity, and it seemed that he did but copy from an abundance of distinct images with which his mind was stored. The first strokes of his pencil were so vivid and faithful to the design, that he seldom retouched his lights and shades, and when he did, I thought that his corrections were not improvements. What he gained in polish he lost in animation, and, if possible, the hues of the original draft were the richest and most captivating.

In his features I beheld the sober dignity of the philosopher mingled with the cheerful graces of the courtier. He appeared to be quali-

fied to teach wisdom to princes, while the charms of his manner rendered the most solemn advice agreeable to the unlearned and the ignoble. Devoid of all affectation or reserve, he made his pictures more pleasing by throwing into them many little tints of his own character and thoughts; and he had the peculiar art of making that egotism which we condemn in others, a source of new pleasure and fascination.

I left these enchanting scenes with regret, which was increased by a despair of finding others so delightful. Through a long corridor, which was directly opposite, I discovered another chamber, to which I immediately repaired.

This was, in every respect, different from that which I had just quitted. The ornaments of the room, though chisselled and polished, with the most classical taste, exhibited a Gothic magnificence which inspired the mind with sensations of awe and reverence. The pictures partook of the same character. Their subjects were gloomy, and the master seemed to have aimed at showing his power in depicting scenes of melancholy and darkness. They were, however, wrought with such inimitable force and correctness, that the most prying connoisseur could not detect a fault. I admired the splendid genius of the painter, and the vast extent, boldness, and grandeur of his pencil, which left nothing, scarcely, untouched, and which ornamented whatever it

did touch: yet I could not avoid being over-  
whelmed with a gloominess of mind, a sadness  
according with the views before me; and  
myself disposed to sit down and weep over  
the miseries of humanity.

My attention, however, was withdrawn  
from this contemplation by the remarkable  
appearance of their author, who was clothed in  
a robe of sable velvet. With a stern countenance  
he was taking from his gloomy pallet a shawl  
deep black, for the picture before him  
his face wore an air of grandeur, tinged with  
melancholy: but it was overcast with a morose  
and martial severity, which made me hesitate to approach  
him. In strongly marked lines I saw the result of  
learning, and sage counsels written on his brow,  
but accompanied with a forbidding mien,  
which repressed my curiosity, and inspired respect  
and fear.

Ah! I exclaimed, here are fit resorts for  
those who despond in spirit, and seek companions  
in melancholy—for the misanthrope who  
uses arguments to justify his hatred of mankind  
for those who are too happy, if any such  
whose joy requires to be checked in its career—  
but virtue may certainly venture to  
wear a more attractive garb; and I prefer  
her when her countenance is irradiated with  
the smiles of cheerfulness, and decent pleasures  
attend her footsteps.

His room was filled with a train of sycophants, both male and female. Some of them were flattering his vanity, in strains of fulsome adulation, which he sometimes repressed with indignant contempt, and again received with eager attention; while others were gratifying the curiosity of his visitors, by narrating the events of his life. As soon as he received any money for his pictures, I observed that it was instantly distributed among the blind and the needy, and that when this resource was exhausted, he gave them sketches of designs, to exchange for food. His mind appeared to be enlarged and invigorated by long habits of contemplation and inquiry. His vigorous intellect and insatiable curiosity had supplied him with an abundant store of knowledge, which he freely imparted to younger painters, who listened to him with that undiminished attention which is due to the precepts of oracular wisdom. His conversation with these persons alternately displayed the most brilliant scintillations of wit, the habitual piety of the religious, the gloomy superstition of the weak, and the awful dread of death of the wicked. His studies, I understood, were desultory and irregular, and from the rapidity with which his hand passed over the canvass, it was evident that he could ramble with ease from images the most near and familiar to the display of objects the most remote and profound. Owing

to his habits of close attention, his eye-sight was imperfect, but his hand was so accurate, that he scarcely ever retouched his pictures.

Quitting a scene which agitated my mind with emotions the most various and conflicting, I passed through many other rooms which were filled with inferior artists, who were sedulously employed in the same manner as those whom I have described: but the impressions which their labours made upon my mind were too feeble and indistinct to enable me to recollect their peculiar characters. Their works, in general, were but imitations of the great men whose rooms I had visited.

The fate of these performances was different. Some of them occasionally approached the originality and ease of the first artist whom I have described, the magic neatness and perspicuity of the second, and the force and correctness of the third; and their colours possessed a durability, which seemed to promise an equal immortality to their ambition. The pictures of others were brilliant and glowing at first, but they faded after a time, and at length vanished so entirely, that no trace of the outline remained upon the canvass.—Fired with the example of the great artists before me, and enraptured by the prospect of the perennial fame which they had acquired, I exclaimed with enthusiastic fervour,

AND I ALSO WILL BE A PAINTER!

Instantly seizing a pallet and brush, I proceeded to fill up a vacant canvass which stood before me. I completed the picture, and was attentively waiting to see the effects of time upon my colours, when the rays of the morning sun darted through my curtains, and dissipated the illusions of slumber.



## EPIGRAM.

Phillis! you rosy little rake,  
That heart of yours I long to rifle,  
Come give it me, and do not make  
So much ado about *a trifle!*

## THE BACHELOR.

It is by no means unusual with old bachelors who, for some special reasons, have become enrolled in this right worshipful fraternity, to decry the institution of matrimony. Whether their situation be the consequence of choice or caprice, or the result of necessity, is not my business to inquire. They are willing to swear that the grapes are sour, and they endeavour to avert the sneers of their associates by every sarcasm which ill nature or disappointment can invent, against the sex which *man was born to please*.

In the morning of life our path is strewed with flowers, and in every breeze we scent the perfume of the bower—we commence the career with no care for the future and no thought of the past. A prospect is presented to our delighted eyes, where every object smiles in the verdure of spring, and the intermediate plain is covered with fragrant blossoms which gladden the eye and invite the hand. A chilling winter succeeds. The decayed branches, stript of their gay ornaments, tremble in the blast; and the earth is strewed with leaves, which present a melancholy picture of their former animation.

An universal gloom overspreads the face of nature. The solitary inhabitant of the grove retraces the path in which he was wont to stray, but his ear is no longer saluted by the matin song of the lark, nor the hymn of the nightingale. He stands alone like the blighted oak in the middle of an extensive plain. He murmurs at his lot, but reflects not that he has occasioned the evils which he laments. He neglected to gather the violets and the roses which were spread in wanton profusion around his hut, and to strew his couch with the blooming flowers of the spring. But now, when the reeds which formerly whispered the accents of love, respire naught but the harsh and dissonant sounds of withered old age, he complains of his dreary condition, and vainly sighs at the remembrance of days that are gone.

Such is the cheerless condition of some whom I number among the friends of my youth. One of this class, whose brilliant talents have always commanded my admiration, and whose amiable disposition has endeared him to my heart, is the frequent companion of my walks. In his youth, none could vie with him in the grace of his person; and few surpassed him in the vivacity of his conversation. The strength of his understanding commanded the respect of his superiors, while the urbanity of his deportment irresistibly won their regard. Such a character could not



mingle in the circles of fashion without attracting the attention of the fair. I have frequently heard him describe, with a sort of melancholy satisfaction, the pleasures which he enjoyed, when every countenance greeted him with the cordial smile of welcome. Many a languishing eye endeavoured to allure him, and many a sigh solicited a responsive feeling. But Apollo had visited his visions, and his fancy had formed a picture which the creations of nature could not realize. His bosom glowed with the warmest ardour towards one who existed but in the ardent conceptions of a luxuriant imagination. He sought her in the retired seclusion of rustic simplicity, where the mantling blush bespeaks a bosom untutored in the snares of art, and unskilled in the guile of deception. But the genius of fastidiousness guided his footsteps, and his pursuit was vain. By the courtesy of the world he is now saluted as an old bachelor; and while his bosom is fraught with the finest feelings of philanthropy, he is accused of moroseness and discontent.

Others, again, live a life of celibacy from various causes of a different nature. The fickleness of one, the folly of another, or the ingratitude of a third, all conspire to prevent them from engaging in those ties which are only to be loosened by an eternal separation.

But it is neither consistent with the obligations of duty, nor a rational estimate of happiness, that man should live alone. It is true that in solitude we are removed from many of the distractions and cares which agitate the mind and perplex the brain. We avoid those seductive temptations which are spread to ensnare the heedless steps of the unwary. But it is worthy of consideration whether it be just to enjoy the advantages of society without endeavouring to repay the debt by the exertion of those faculties with which we are endowed. No man can live without the aid of others: and if he examine his inclinations and his appetites, he must discover that he was not made for himself, but for society. He is a member of one large family, and he should contribute his mite towards the support, the comfort, and happiness of those who surround him. It is not sufficient that by diligent perseverance he acquire the arts of eloquence, the charms of poetry, or the solidity of learning. The most cultivated understanding, the most brilliant talents, are no otherwise useful nor honourable than as they contribute to the prosperity of government and the welfare of society. He who cherishes the better dispositions of the heart, is more laudably employed than the leader of a senate or the conqueror of kingdoms. This is the only true and permanent honour, which erects a monument more desir-

able than the marble of Paria. Nature herself teaches us that there are seasons when the glare of the world has lost its power of delighting the soul; when the ear becomes deaf to the plaudits of a noisy world, and the pulse of ambition no longer throbs. The statesman abandons the unsteady helm, and the soldier forsakes the tented field, that they may seek the sweets of happiness amidst the tranquil pleasures of a domestic fireside. It is there, when the voice of acclamation is silent, and the pomp of the world no longer imposes, that man is truly seen—it is there alone that the delicious draught of felicity may be tasted.

Such a man does not sullenly withdraw himself from the social circle, where the best affections of the heart are cherished; but he cheerfully mingles with the crowd. He sympathises in the sorrows of *them that mourn*, and his heart is elevated when the rumour of *glad tidings* is heard. At the close of a well-spent life he does not exclaim, with the aged patriarchs, that few and evil have been the days of the years of his pilgrimage, nor has he any wo-fraught periods to be beguiled by the adventitious glare of wealth and the adulation of surrounding sycophants. Cheerfulness sits by his wicker chair, and Hospitality with the liberal horn of Plenty is his cup-bearer.







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